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Notes of the Week

RUMOURS such as are usual in the weeks before the opening of an autumn session in Parliament are not lacking at the present moment. They are a not entirely unhealthy symptom of political activity; and so far as Conservatives are concerned we should not advise them to attach too much importance to gossip about internal divisions. One thing is quite certain: that any internal division in the ranks of the Party, or any serious lack of unity in the Government, would be the most fatal thing not only for the present Government but for those national and Imperial interests for which Conservatism alone is likely to care very much. Every thinking Conservative, whether in the House of Commons or out of it, is aware of that fact; and for that reason, if for no other, there is little danger of division merely on account of differences of opinion.

AN ATTACK?

A much more serious danger, however, with which we deal in our first leading article, does threaten from outside. Mr. Lloyd George, whose peculiar prestige is of such a nature that no amount of coat-turning or swallowing of his own words can possibly damage it, is, if we are not mistaken, about to experience a sudden conversion to the cause of Imperial Preference and, unfettered by any election pledges such as embarrass the present Government, to step in and steal the thunder of the Tariff Reformers. He is about the only living politician who could attempt it; but as the nominee of the new and powerful newspaper combination which is about to broadcast a standardized form of political opinion he might very well prove a formidable menace to the present Government. If Conservatism is united and active, and will really work harder than it has yet worked at setting its house in order, we have no fear of the machinations of the Wizard; but we would warn our political friends in the Government, in the House, and in the country, that without such unity and activity the danger may be greater than they realize.

THE IMPERIAL CONFERENCE

Faced with the enormous difficulty of doing anything helpful towards a settlement of the Franco-German controversy at the present stage, the Imperial Conference is evidently waiting on events, so far as this very grave matter is concerned. The extreme delicacy of the immediate position is sufficiently indicated by the fact that Lord Curzon has not yet seen his way to make the expected reply to the points raised by Mr. Bruce, General Smuts, and the other Dominion Ministers nearly a fortnight ago. General Smuts appears, however, to have let it be known that his plan for a settlement consists of (1) the financial reorganization of Germany on lines similar to those by which Austria has been assisted by the League of Nations, and (2) the demilitarization of the Rhineland, also under the auspices of the League. But, bearing in mind recent occurrences, can it be said that the competence of the League covers such tremendous undertakings? For our part, we think it would be better for the conference to concentrate, as on Wednesday, on the solution of the problems of Imperial Defence, which certainly are pressing enough. And this the more because, as the Dominion Ministers now understand, there is an intimate and unfortunate connexion between obtaining a settlement with France and the relative military weakness of the Empire.

DR. STRESEMANN'S TASK

Germany has been saved from disruption, at any rate for a time, by the courageous and resolute action of Dr. Stresemann, who, energetically backed by President Ebert, succeeded in obtaining the requisite majority in the Reichstag for the Emergency Act. It is a remarkable achievement considering the strong opposition with which he was confronted by the Industrialists, by Bavaria and Saxony, and by the Communists. The task before him of reorganizing Germany is nothing less than appalling because of the chaos in her finance. For the moment he is chiefly addressing himself to this undertaking, but the spreading food riots throughout the Reich, grim indications of unemployment and want, declare the terrible nature of the internal situation. He has reopened direct nego-

tiations with Paris regarding the Ruhr, so far without favourable results. Meanwhile, the Reparations Commission is considering the Belgian proposals, but judging by the French papers M. Poincaré looks on them very coldly. It is something, however, that the British, French, and Italian Governments actually agreed to refer the proposals to the Commission at all.

THE PRICE OF VICTORY

Though passive resistance has ceased in the Ruhr, the French are only at the beginning of a further series of immense difficulties, at the bottom of which lies the fact that their action, and German reaction to it, has resulted in the paralysis of the railways and industries of the district. Owing to the collapse of the currency Germany has no means of financing them—this was why passive resistance was abandoned—and, according to the Cologne correspondent of *The Times*, the Ruhr magnates have intimated that they are not in a position either to pay workmen or set the works going again. They state they are unable to raise money anywhere. The question arises: Who is to finance the Ruhr and make it productive again? The answer seems to be—France. If so, having regard to the vast expenditure that must be incurred, the victory of France looks like being an extraordinarily costly one.

THE GOVERNMENT AND UNEMPLOYMENT

The unemployment policy of the Government, as set forth by Sir Montague Barlow, has some excellent points. It is mainly directed towards giving the unemployed work in their proper industries, and it is particularly useful in that it will stimulate the industries related to engineering. We fear, however, that as regards the Government's actual share in the £50 millions of new expenditure, the proposals are less generous than they at first sight appear. Something like £15 millions is to come, it is true under Government influence, from the Railways. Then £12 millions, relating to work under the Trade Facilities Act, represent Government guarantees, not Government expenditure. Other items are capable of being discounted. In short, the Government, though working on perfectly sound lines, can hardly be said to have gone to the limit of its resources.

THE PANEL SYSTEM IN PERIL

We find ourselves unable to agree completely with any one of the three parties to the deplorable dispute over the panel system. Our sympathies are with the doctors in their objection to any change which would make the approved Societies masters of the situation, for as no Society is either a contributor or a collector of funds, all being merely agencies for the distribution of certain cash benefits out of funds created by the insured persons, their employers, and the State, the last word must be with a truly national authority. On the other hand, we disagree with the doctors when they contend that their demands could be met without any detriment to any other interest. Benefit to them means decrease or extinction of some of the other benefits so far enjoyed by insured persons. Lastly, we think Sir William Joynson Hicks has too abruptly slammed the door on arbitration. As matters are, we seem to be hastening to the day when the country will have to be saddled with a huge medical bureaucracy, for that is the only alternative to the system now on the verge of collapse.

THE IMPORTANCE OF PALESTINE

By offering to the dissident Arabs an Arab Agency similar in its general character to the Jewish Agency already at work in Palestine, our Government has manifested its keen desire to redress what the Arabs made out to be a great grievance. But under the leadership of the extremists this liberal offer has been rejected. It is plain that the Arabs have no intention of accepting any concession, but will be satisfied with nothing short of independence, which is a thing that

Britain cannot even consider. First, there is the Mandate as approved by the League of Nations, and it binds Britain. It also gives ample powers for the administration of the country, and these must be exercised. And, second, Palestine, as we have repeatedly urged, is of vast strategical importance, because of the Canal, to the British Empire, and cannot be given up. We have not the slightest doubt that this is the attitude of the Prime Ministers of Australia and New Zealand, and of the representatives of India, as well as of all the Colonies and Protectorates east of Suez.

THE POST OFFICE AGAIN

Such vitally important subjects as those dealing with the communications of the Empire absorbed the attention of the Economic Conference this week. It is satisfactory to learn from the Postmaster-General that the mail and cable services have been restored to pre-war regularity and efficiency, and that the West Indies will soon have proper cable facilities. But it is very far from satisfactory to find that with regard to one great link of Empire—Wireless—there still continues that deadlock between the Post Office and the private companies (in this case the Marconi Company) on which we commented two or three weeks ago very strongly. Sir Laming Worthington-Evans spoke as if there were no particular hurry in coming to an agreement, but that is just what there is. While this country has been standing still, other countries have been going ahead. As Lord Burnham put it, at the meeting of the Empire Press Union, "we are falling behind the rest of the world in what is already one of the most effective and powerful means of communication." This is an intolerable state of things, and calls for prompt remedy.

WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN

Reading history often teases the mind with useless speculation on the course certain events might have pursued had such and such a policy not been adopted or such and such a victory not been won. Nothing has stimulated these torturing surmises more than the extracts from Mr. Churchill's new volume, now appearing in *The Times*. What would have happened if the Narrows had been forced? What would the result have been had Lord French's plan been adopted for an advance along the Belgian coast, or Lord Fisher's for an attack in the Baltic? Such speculations are, of course, as futile as they are fascinating. Mr. G. M. Trevelyan elaborated this kind of theme brilliantly in his essay 'If Napoleon had won Waterloo.' National destinies indeed appear to lie at the mercy of caprices and trivialities; but it is only appearance. Broadly, the ebb and flow of national fortunes occur inevitably just when and how they do, irrespective of surface currents. And if we are to believe Herr Spengler, there is much more method in this world's madness than is readily apparent to the untrained eye.

TROUBLE IN THE PHILIPPINES

The United States has long had a serious colour question in its own large negro population, and apparently it is going to have another problem of the same sort, but more immediately acute, in the Philippine Islands. For the latest news from Manila suggests that an insurrection of the natives is imminent, as the result of a political agitation that has been going on for several months against General Leonard Wood, the American Governor-General. It may be recalled that acting previously as Special Commissioner he reported to his Government against granting independence to the Filipinos, on the ground that they were not ready for it. The charge against him now is that he is still opposed to giving them their independence—as anyone who knows these islands will readily understand he would be. The trouble is that he has only a handful of reliable soldiers at his command. Though little or nothing is being said about it, Washington is taking swift and energetic steps to deal with the threatening situation.

THE PASSION FOR EXHUMATION

Decent-minded people in America as well as in this country have learned with relief that the proposal to exhume the bodies of General Oglethorpe and his wife has fallen through. If this outrage upon our last sanctuary (and in how many cases the only one we achieve) is to be committed, let rather the blind forces of Nature be the perpetrator than the vandal hand of men. We hear now of a lady who must have her brother's body exhumed to be proffered for cremation, now of a family's belated doubts concerning the propriety of a death died by one of its members, now of less, now of more substantial reasons for this extreme profanation. But least substantial of all is this libidinous fetishism which would translate over howling waters, for advertising purposes, dust that has long ago become part of England's green tranquillity. We trust that this is the last we shall hear of such indecencies.

THE DIPLOMATIC SERVICE

The diplomatic service has fallen out of the limelight in these days, and there is a great danger that its efficiency may be threatened by the series of discouragements to which its members have been subjected. With the prizes of the profession—the Embassies at Washington, Paris, and Berlin—in the hands of non-professional representatives, and Russia out of commission, the chances of promotion and of achieving distinction in difficult posts are greatly diminished, and in these circumstances the service as a whole is apt to become dispirited. There is no doubt that either we must have professional diplomacy or none at all; a mixture of professional and amateur diplomacy is perhaps the most dangerous combination that could be devised. The idea that in future we are likely to be able to do without a service of persons trained in foreign affairs cannot be seriously entertained; and it behoves the Government, therefore, to see that the best of the younger members of the diplomatic profession are given a chance. The tonic effect throughout the service of appointing, for example, to Washington some gentleman who has distinction in the diplomatic profession instead of outside it would, we believe, be immense.

ANOTHER MUSSOLINI TRIUMPH

Last week-end saw the close of the crisis which had arisen in Fascismo from internal dissensions. Signor Mussolini has triumphed again, and his dictatorship of Italy is even more absolute, if that is possible, than it was before. He has created a new organization, at the top of which is a Directory of five members, to be chosen by himself. It is to have complete executive authority under him, but is not permitted to make any decision affecting foreign affairs without his consent. In fact, Mussolini is the State. In the Middle Ages Italy was a land of many "tyrannies"; now one Tyrant is supreme over her entire extent. That the success of Mussolini has an influence outside Italy is seen in the curious little political crisis in Malta which has led to the resignation of its Premier, who had spoken unadvisedly about the Italian sympathies of the island—as if suggesting that Italy was the "home" of the Maltese!

OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE

The older universities reassembled last week with a sense of more solemn responsibility than at any time since the residual problems of the war confused their categories and darkened their issues. The generation of war-students is now definitely at an end, and the authorities can devote themselves to examining their old problems with a new vision, strengthened and clarified in these years of stress. At the same time they are both conscious that the Royal Commission is to pass all their activities in review, and that the public is exceedingly interested in its deliberations. At Oxford, the critical Vice-Chancellorship of Dr. Farnell is con-

cluded and the Warden of Wadham has succeeded to a position which would have been considerably more irksome but for the difficulties his predecessor so resolutely faced and overcame.

REPERTORY AT OXFORD

Although the late Vice-Chancellor at Oxford commanded all our sympathy in his determination to leave the University rather an abode of learning like mediæval Bologna than a hotbed of amateur political intrigue like an upstart Genève, we are certain that the Repertory Theatre he once banned must by now have insinuated itself into his affections. We do not think that a programme which supplements the *Æschylus* and Shakespeare so loyally rendered by the O.U.D.S. with a course from such writers as Goldoni, de Musset and Ibsen, can be esteemed a "frivolous distraction." Indeed, we anticipate nothing but good from Mr. Fagan's admirable undertaking, which begins its activities next Monday. In the days when Shakespeare was still an apprentice-hand, he and English drama reaped the utmost benefit from their association with Lyly, Peele, and the other "University Wits." Oxford once more has the opportunity to set her seal upon drama, if the "wits" of a later day follow precept with practice.

THE PUNISHMENT FITS THE CRIME

A kindly burglar has recently administered a practical lesson in the working of a capital levy to one of its keenest advocates. Mr. Philip Snowden's house was broken into during the week and a quantity of silver and clothing removed. This timely warning, delivered in a manner at once so concrete and so tactful, calls for the approbation of all right-minded taxpayers. If the modest and solicitous fellow can be found he should receive national recognition, which might, perhaps, take the form of the presentation of a "rover" ticket to the houses of socialist visionaries. Not every burglar, alas, displays so keen a sense of public duty.

FLYING FOR ALL?

The successful "motor-glider" meeting at Lympe last week brings a little nearer the day of the owner-driver, but a good deal of improvement is necessary before these machines can be safely trusted in the hands of ordinary mortals. It must be remembered that at Lympe the flying was confined to a number of the cleverest and most experienced pilots in the world, and that the engines were attended by first-class mechanics. Even then, the number of forced landings from engine trouble was high, though these very landings proved the advantage in this respect of a machine with a low flying speed. Some of these "motor-gliders" can be landed at as low a speed as 20 m.p.h. The lowering of cost of construction, of petrol consumption, and of replacement in the event of "crashes," will be valuable in the training of pilots. Greater inherent stability, higher power, and more perfect engines are some of the improvements necessary before there can reasonably be "flying for all."

HERESY ABOUT OYSTERS

Because oysters are best when consumed raw it does not follow that they are not excellent when prepared over the fire. It is true that the preparation masked by burned breadcrumbs which too many establishments serve as scalloped oysters is depressing; but, for a change from raw oysters, what could be more agreeable than oysters poached, covered with Mornay sauce and grated cheese and quickly glazed, or the same preparation with the spinach which transforms it into *Huitres Florentine*? And then as to the eternal Chablis. We call ourselves an adventurous race, and yet how few are those among us who have tried light, somewhat dry sherry with oysters! The experiment is worth making, even at the risk of the waiter's contempt.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE DISCOVERS THE BRITISH EMPIRE

VERY little real public interest has so far been taken in this country in Mr. Lloyd George's trip to the United States and Canada. People have read of his flattering reception there with no surprise, because American and Colonial hospitality to visitors is proverbial. We realize here that, in spite of the complete collapse of the "little Welsh Wizard" in public estimation at home during the past year, there is nothing more natural than that Americans and Canadians on the other side of the Atlantic should be vastly interested in their first personal contact with him on their own soil. For about sixteen years, while he was continuously in office, he was the most talked-about personality in British political life, and his name is admittedly a household word, all the world over, for the part he took, first as Minister of Munitions and then as Prime Minister of Great Britain, in winning the war and then dominating British politics in the making of the Versailles Treaty and during the first four years of peace. Americans and Canadians who had hitherto known him only by reports and by pictures would, of course, flock to see the Great Man wherever they had a chance, just as our own public here have crowded to see Charlie Chaplin or Mary Pickford in *propria persona*. We do not think we are far wrong if we say that Mr. Lloyd George's reception over there, while exciting hardly any feeling of national pride on this side of the Atlantic, as might well be the case in some other instances, is regarded by most English people, as we said last week, as essentially what may be called a *succès de cinéma*. In that respect nobody has been inclined to grudge it to him, or to his audiences.

But perhaps the very remarkable degree of political disfavour, amounting almost to contempt, into which the ex-Premier had fallen at home since the disruption of the Coalition last year, is apt to obscure some pretty plain evidences which have accumulated lately that Mr. Lloyd George's tour overseas has been staged with an eye to a definite political *dénouement*. As a matter of fact, though nothing seems to have been said about it openly in the newspapers, the one topic of real interest which has been freely discussed in high political circles this last week has been the prospect of its having a somewhat sensational sequel. We see no reason for joining in this conspiracy of silence. It seems to us perfectly proper to tell the public what is going on—or at all events what is firmly believed to be going on by people who have access to the best information about current politics. Everybody who is at all familiar with the undercurrents of the Press must be aware that for some time past Lord Rothermere's newspapers, while showing no signs of casting their influence in favour either of Liberalism, as represented by Mr. Asquith, or of Labour-Socialism, as represented by the party led by Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, have been taking a somewhat perversely critical attitude, amounting occasionally to downright hostility, to the present Conservative Government, and to Mr. Baldwin personally. At an earlier stage the general impression was that there was little more in this than private pique on the part of their proprietor; but recent events culminating in the buying up by Lord Rothermere, in association with Lord Beaverbrook, of a further group of papers, at an enormous price, have led to the conclusion, confirmed by a good deal of evidence that has been forthcoming to people behind the political scenes, that an extensive movement is being organized under these auspices for bringing back Mr. Lloyd George into power again.

How, it may well be asked, is this to be managed? Well, we can only reveal what is believed to be the plan, and the price the ex-Premier is intended to pay. That these newspaper influences are being brought to bear favourably towards Mr. Lloyd George has recently been fairly obvious to most observers. It has not been so plain on what platform, thought attractive

enough to secure a national response, the ex-Premier is to be brought into the limelight again. The Canadian visit has been staged for that. As in 1902 Joseph Chamberlain visited South Africa, and thence described, in an Imperialist vision, the great Temple of Tariff Reform and Colonial Preference, which he came home with a passion for building straightway, as a means of saving home industries and consolidating Imperial Union, so Mr. Lloyd George, having now also discovered the real meaning of the British Empire from afar, is to return to a new body of organized Press supporters, with a full-blown programme of Protection. He would not be the first ambitious politician in our history to steal his rivals' clothes when they were bathing. He is hampered by no pledges against changing our fiscal system during the present Parliament. What could indeed be more characteristic of Mr. Lloyd George than that he should throw himself upon the sympathy of a popular audience, and admit frankly that he had seen a new light, as a result of the lessons he had learnt in Canada and the United States, and had come to realize that a full scheme of Protection for British agriculture and British industries was now the only way of safeguarding the combined interests of British Capital and British Labour, and bringing them into unison with those of the Empire as a whole? As one of Mr. Asquith's chief lieutenants acidly replied last week in private to a Conservative Minister, who put this very question, it would be "just like him."

Here then is the plot. If it comes off, there may well be the prospect of a further *succès de cinéma* in Mr. Lloyd George's career. The contemplation of it may be not without a salutary warning just now, both to Mr. Baldwin's Ministry and to the Conservative Party.

MR. POLLY AND SIR PERCY

NO one can deny that Mr. Wells is a remarkable man. To say that he has written books by which English literature has been enriched is to state but a half-truth. For him the East has no secrets, he forecasts the future without fear; the Martians are his intimates, to him the bosoms of the hierarchy disclose their dreadful doubts; he has even envisaged God. Now he has felt it incumbent upon him to dictate the naval strategy of the Empire, and in a recent number of a contemporary he expresses views on the Singapore proposals which do little credit to either the journal or its contributor. He states that the development of Singapore is provocative to Japan. To such an argument it is difficult to reply without infringing the accepted canons of printed controversy. Mr. Wells is presumably a ratepayer and, as such, contributes to the maintenance of the local police station. Does Mr. Wells suggest that the propinquity of that building provokes his next-door neighbour to lead a life of crime? We will go further. We will suppose that the difficulty of supporting a growing family convinces the next-door neighbour that he is justified in adopting, at Mr. Wells's expense, a burglarious career. Is it suggested that in that unforeseen and undesirable event the unfortunate man's predatory instincts would not receive a more effectual check from the bull's eye of a police constable than from a homily delivered by Mr. Wells in his night shirt?

Mr. Wells recalls with pride that not long ago he expressed views on France which were incompatible with the foreign interests of the journal which employed him. He reminds us that he denounced the French because of their reliance upon submarines and Senegalese troops; and he adds that "the British feat (*sic*) at Singapore deserves an equal denunciation." In other words, he suggests that the determination of France to prevent the humanizing of warfare is no more discreditable than our desire to build a base for the

few battleships which Idealism has spared to us. And to think that these puerilities were penned by the man who created, the immortal Mr. Polly! Truly the Almighty places his jewels in strange settings!

But Mr. Wells is not the only one who would shoot Parthian arrows in a lost cause. The time of the singing of the superannuated is come; the voice of Sir Percy is heard in the land. And, as in the case of certain pugilists, the circumstances attending his "return" have not enhanced his reputation. Students of contemporary criminality cannot have failed to notice how frequently the malefactor, after he has been found guilty, announces that he is in a position to produce evidence, hitherto suppressed, which will inevitably result in a reversal of the verdict. In like manner Sir Percy Scott, having been heavily defeated by Admiral Sturdee at the United Services Institution, hinted darkly at revelations which he would shortly make. The opportunity arose on Monday last. His case came up for appeal before the Colonial Institute and, as invariably happens, the result was an endorsement of the previous decision. Not even inexactitudes assisted the gallant controversialist. He charges Admiral Sturdee with saying that the Dardanelles was no place for a battleship, because there were submarines there. Actually the opinion conveyed by Sir Doveton was that to be anchored in an unprotected harbour with a view to engaging shore guns is not the rôle for which a battleship is intended. And with this opinion no one will agree more heartily than those who still regard the ship-of-the-line as the backbone of our national defence. In the only journal of any standing which subscribes to Sir Percy's views, we read that the audience at the "Colonial Institute was 'composed largely of ladies and clergymen.'" This probably explains why Sir Percy was not compelled to qualify his childish statement that any battleship which attacked Australia would be sunk by a submarine. We feel it our duty to assure the ladies and clergymen that no battleship would ever dream of attacking Australia. But if any country which coveted Australia possessed sufficient battleships to immobilize or destroy the British battlefleet, the fate of Australia would be decided on Australian soil, and the Empire would be incapable of affecting the decision. And if the ladies and clergymen are still sceptical, we would ask them to reflect that transports continued to carry troops to Gallipoli and Egypt though the Mediterranean swarmed with submarines; but they would not have been able to do so had there not been an Allied battlefleet in the Adriatic. The same journal frankly admits that Sir Percy failed to carry conviction and plaintively demands an explanation. We fancy the explanation to be that Sir Percy's heart is not in his work. He is like the Thespian who, while convinced that he is a Heaven-sent Hamlet, has made his name in low comedy; and were Sir Percy now at the Admiralty, we do not doubt that he would display that orthodoxy which office invariably inspires.

We need not fear that the Dominion Premiers will be influenced by the vapourings of the vain. As practical men, they are more concerned with the material facts of the present than with fantastical forecasts of the future. We may be equally confident that they will not give a sympathetic hearing to the heresies of the "exposed-heart" pundits. The sand-bagged citizen of Shepherd's Bush is unlikely to derive consolation from the reflection that Downing Street is well policed, nor is it to be expected that our distinguished visitors will lend themselves to a policy which aims solely at the protection of these shores from a non-existent danger. Fortunately not ten per cent. of our countrymen really regard our Colonies in the light of expensive trappings for the Motherland. The great majority appreciate that the Empire is one living coalescent body and that it profiteth a man little that his heart has been spared if he dies from hæmorrhage after the amputation of a limb.

A Pilgrim's Progress

London, October 18

SOME people seem to have been surprised at the vehemence and emphasis with which Sir James Craig declared the other day that the people of the North of Ireland would not yield one inch of their territory to the rule of the Free State. Such people forget that the people of Ulster have not changed in the least degree their attitude towards the fundamental questions which divide them from the Irish Free State. For those who merely look on, and who are tired of Irish controversy, it may seem an easy matter that both parties of what has been a very serious and bitter dispute should now shake hands and make large concessions. When two parties have a dispute, it is easy for outsiders to talk of the desirability of making concessions; but when the concessions are to be all on one side, and that the side of the party which considers itself aggrieved, the fact that the division between them has been, so to speak, legitimized, is not in itself a reason for making concessions. The Ulster people feel that it is for the Free State to prove itself capable of managing its own house, before there can be any question of mingling the two houses. In the whole of the long Irish controversy the only attitude that has been consistent has been that of Ulster; and while Sir James Craig and Lord Carson retain the confidence of the Ulster people, it is not likely that there will be any modification of that attitude. Certainly I see no good reason for or possibility of its modification on the boundary question.

* * *

In writing of Ireland, I am reminded of Miss Somerville's delightful book, entitled, 'Wheel-Tracks,' which has just been published by Longmans (12s. 6d. net). She still claims the collaboration of the late Martin Ross in her writings, although many of her most appreciative readers will regret that she should have mingled with her clear, sparkling and unsentimental narrative a strain of rather murky spiritualism which is not developed sufficiently to be of any interest in itself, and merely strikes a note that has hitherto been happily absent from the work of these admirable writers. Miss Somerville in this volume retraces some of the tracks of her own life as it was lived in Ireland, and in doing so has produced an admirable picture of Irish country life under the Union and that shocking system of landlordism in which people somehow contrived to live happy lives on brotherly terms with one another. The books of Miss Somerville and Martin Ross are in fact among the great documentary evidences of the success of that system, and of the fact that the Irish character, supposed to be crushed and injured by it, was more true to itself, and more rich in that poetry and romance which are supposed to be exclusively the property of Celts who can hardly speak English, than anything which has been produced by rebellion and separation. The fact is that the qualities, good and bad, which the outside world recognizes as essentially "Irish" are common in greater or less degree to the native peasantry in every part of Ireland, and are no more characteristic of Connaught than they are of Ulster.

* * *

If every writer were to make public recantation of every mistake that he has made the work of some of us would be very nearly doubled. But when that mistake has been a mistake of judgment, and when it has involved injustice to the dead, it is at least necessary for one's own peace of mind that one makes some amend. These chastening convictions have been awakened in me by reading Father Martindale's remarkable book on Father Bernard Vaughan (Longmans, 7s. 6d. net). I think I am not the only person who, reading this book, feels that he did something less than justice to the subject of it in his lifetime. The fact is that Father Bernard Vaughan was so active a publicist that he

brought himself before a far wider world than that to which he ministered as a Catholic priest; and as his methods were sometimes crude and devoid of refinement, it is not to be wondered at that he was sometimes judged by them. I plead guilty, at the time of his crusade against the "sins of society," to writing (I think in these columns) an article entitled 'The Tongues of Angels,' which, on considering it fairly in the light of the living presentation of Father Vaughan in this biography, I perceive to have been both superficial and unjust. Behind the public figure of the Jesuit priest, calling attention to his message by almost any public methods that occurred to him, and alternately flattering and scourging a small but conspicuous part of society, there lay the reality, clearly visible in these pages of Father Martindale's, of a fine character, essentially simple, and spiritually childlike and humble. When I began to read this life I was not greatly interested in the late Father Vaughan. Now that I have finished it I feel, with sorrow, that for years I lived within a stone's throw of one whom I now perceive I would have been very proud to have claimed as an intimate friend. This book is no panegyric; if it were it would not be the first-rate piece of biography that it is. On the contrary, the personal opinion of its author is in no way intruded on the reader. He concerns himself, like a skilful artist, with presenting the true portrait of a man whom he knew and loved, whose faults were as obvious to him as his virtues. For its own sake the book, so admirably written, at once so vivid and restrained, is well worth reading; and having read it I feel that I know Father Vaughan far better than I ever knew him or could have known him through the years of his life. My private misconception of his character is my own loss; but misinterpretation of it, however unimportant, was done in public, and so in public I must say, with all contrition, *mea culpa*; and lay up the lesson of it for my own behoof and advantage. I should be happy if to everyone who read that article I could say: "Read this book, and disregard what I wrote." That is impossible; but I can at least assure readers of to-day to whom Father Vaughan was personally unknown that they will discover in this memoir of him a book that they will be glad to have read, and a man whom they will be the better for understanding.

FILSON YOUNG

THE TANGIER QUESTION

(FROM A CORRESPONDENT)

CERTAIN organs of the Press have recently published short, and somewhat inadequate, articles on the Tangier question, and on the Conference of British, French, and Spanish experts which has recently been meeting in London, with a view of reaching some basis of agreement on which a full Conference can be summoned to draw up a Convention that will finally settle this longstanding dispute. The British public, however, curiously ignorant of its vital interests, does not appear to be alive to the issues at stake. Ignorance breeds indifference, and it may be well to endeavour to enlighten public opinion in this country and to ventilate the British case as the French and Spanish cases have been incessantly ventilated in France and Spain for many years.

Tangier lies at the western entrance of the Straits of Gibraltar. Gibraltar itself lies some thirty odd miles to the eastward. Looking straight across from Tangier is the Spanish coast, only about eight miles away. There is at Tangier a good bay which, even now, when there are hardly any port works at all, would afford shelter for submarines. There is excellent flat ground for any number of squadrons of aeroplanes. Guns could be mounted at short notice, and without difficulty, in screened positions. What is the

significance of this? Surely, that the Power that holds Tangier can dominate the western entrance to the Mediterranean, gravely endanger our communications with Egypt, India, and Australia, render precarious in the extreme the passage of transports outward and food supplies homeward. One of the most serious factors is that we have no base in that part of the world from which to meet aeroplane attack. Aeroplanes cannot rise from Gibraltar; the guns of Gibraltar cannot reach Tangier. We should be wholly dependent, in time of war, upon our fleet to mask Tangier, and the fleet would be open to attack from under water, from air, and from land, in very narrow waters where visibility is good nearly all the year round, by day and by night.

The commercial aspect of the question is also of importance, at a time when every foreign market is of interest to British trade. At present all Powers enjoy the regime of the open door under Treaty, but it is improbable that this will last for ever, for neither the French nor the Spaniards appreciate the benefits of free trade. Tangier is the head of the railway to Fez, which will eventually continue to Dakar. This railway is approaching completion, and should carry our important trade in cotton goods to the merchants of Fez. Tangier should be an important coaling station for British ships going to and coming from the East, a not unimportant port of transit. The maintenance of the open door is essential.

What, then, has been and is the attitude of our Government towards this question, the vital importance of which to the British Empire can scarcely be open to dispute? Those of us who have spent a great part of our lives in Morocco are in a position fully to appreciate the fact that the Foreign Office have, ever since 1904, the date of the Anglo-French Entente, unwaveringly insisted that Tangier must have an international Government of its own, though under the sovereignty of the Sultan. Only so can the complete neutralization of Tangier and the open door for the commerce of all nations be guaranteed. Prior to the war the principle was conceded both by the French and the Spanish Governments, and it is understood that we have from both these Governments the most solemn assurances that Tangier should be internationalized. It is further understood that, when Great Britain was asked to adhere to the Franco-German Convention of 1911, which gave France a free hand in Morocco in return for concessions elsewhere in Africa, we attached to our adherence the express stipulation that Tangier should be internationalized. I believe that we attached the same stipulation to our recognition of the French Protectorate in 1914.

Why, then, has internationalization not yet been brought about? That is a question for France to answer. Negotiations actually took place in 1914, but they were interrupted by the war. Since the war, France appears to have changed her attitude. To judge by the frequent outpourings of the French Press on the subject, it would seem that the French Government have considered that the war had changed everything and that they were no longer bound by their previous pledges to their Ally. Much is made of the argument that the Treaties only stipulate for a "special regime" for Tangier and that this stipulation is met by an offer to set up an International Municipality for the town of Tangier only, excluding the country round, which should have purely municipal functions, while all real government remained in the hands of the Sultan, that is to say, of his French protectors. This specious argument ignores the solemn promises referred to above, promises which, by their very nature, must have tacitly admitted that by "special regime" "international regime" in its fullest sense was understood by all the parties concerned. On what other basis did the negotiations of 1914 take place? If on any other basis, then we British subjects in Morocco have been misled.

The successful conclusion of the Conference of Experts is of good omen, and it is greatly to be hoped that a further Conference will meet with as little delay as possible and finally settle this long outstanding question which is ruining the unfortunate people of Tangier and causing most undesirable friction between ourselves and France. Those who attach vital importance to the Entente would welcome a fair and honourable settlement. The inhabitants of Tangier of all nationalities yearn for it. It was an agreement in regard to Morocco that inaugurated the Anglo-French Entente and so saved the world from pan-savagery. May a further agreement in regard to Tangier in Morocco lead to the re-establishment of a really cordial understanding between us and our French Allies. But we cannot afford to allow any Great Power, France or another, to dominate Tangier, and so cut the British Empire in two—for that is what it would mean.

THREE REFORMERS OF CRIMINAL LAW

By the RT. HON. MR. JUSTICE DARLING

PROFESSOR COLEMAN PHILIPSON has published a most interesting, and to students valuable, book* concerning three of the chief reformers of the Criminal Law of this country as of others. In the latter half of the eighteenth century many philosophers, and other more practical persons, were drawn to consider the existing procedure of trial and punishment, with a view to establishing some justificatory principle beyond the mere will of absolute rulers—something more convincing than the maxim, "La raison du plus fort est toujours la meilleure." The Ten Commandments seemed to these speculators an altogether insufficient authority; and so to these were preferred the doctrine of "public utility," "le contrat social" of Rousseau, and "la massima felicità divisa nel maggior numero" of Beccaria. But when all the Encyclopædists have had their say, crimes remain much as Moses left them—and the all-important matter is how guilt shall be established, and to what and, in what manner, punishment shall be inflicted. Our English Law long boasted, "Ubi jus, ibi remedium," and certainly until the middle of the nineteenth century the remedies prescribed were, in Law as in Medicine, heroic and drastic in the extreme—so much so that the legal doctors themselves advised that the patients be not compelled to swallow them. But among the Latin races—who are nothing if not logical—it was far different; and so Voltaire in France, and Beccaria in Italy, became the forerunners of Jeremy Bentham and Howard and Romilly in England.

Professor Philipson gives us admirable sketches of the three reformers of whom he writes. Widely read in what concerns his subject, he refers in his notes to each authority for his statements, and so the student may easily enter a fertile field, wider than that within the limits of this one volume. It was the lot of Sir Samuel Romilly to attempt to pass into law provisions founded upon the principles enunciated by Beccaria and Bentham, and expanded and corrected by himself. Romilly is indeed one of the brightest figures—perhaps the most perfect, beautiful and self-sacrificing—who ever entered the parliamentary and legal life of England. The appreciation of him by Professor Philipson is admirable; and, reading to-day the details of his private and his public life, one must wonder greatly that his proposals, so reasonable and so humane in themselves, and so brilliantly supported in argument, failed to convince his contemporaries, although they nearly all became law in that Victorian age which so many now do heedlessly condemn and lightly decry. The work done by these men was of the highest value, and their labours were of extraordinary merit. To this the legislation of the last hundred years bears abun-

dant witness. So well-established is this that nowadays very many of the contentions of the law reformers appear to us obvious truisms, so trite have they become. Probably amelioration is yet possible in human nature and in our penal system; but at least English law is now such that no judge or jurymen need feel ashamed publicly to pronounce and firmly to enforce it.

As to Bentham, he simply had a genius for jurisprudence. His insight was remarkable, his industry immense; and to his labours are directly traceable most of the ameliorations and improvements of our penal system, while his ideas bore some further fruit in America and in most European countries, including even Ante-Soviet Russia. As Professor Philipson writes:—"His point of view was well nigh revolutionary. He thrust aside the mere technicalities of law, the factitious and irrational maxims, masquerading as creatures of enshrined wisdom. He put away the fictions so beloved of the judicial pedant. To him law was no mystery, but a simple, intelligible, practical means of a realizable end." If his theories have failed in many instances to be embodied in our law, this is due to Bentham's leading the life of a hermit, and so failing to acquire that knowledge of the real human being, so different from the philosopher's conception of him, as he really is or can be made. Even J. S. Mill—himself somewhat of a cloud-dweller—says of Bentham:—"He committed the mistake of supposing that the business part of human affairs was the whole of them; all at least that the legislator and the moralist had to do with." His intellectual vanity was responsible for such grotesque proposals as that of his "Panopticon Penitentiary," which he discussed with Talleyrand, and submitted to Mr. Pitt—who himself seems to have been an innovator before Mr. Jesse Collings, since in 1796 he "introduced a bill to supply cows to respectable paupers." Bentham confidently professed his readiness to draw up codes applicable to any countries under the sun; and this with no more knowledge of these than he could acquire in a small house hidden away in an obscure square in London, where he gained his knowledge of life by regaling himself with Hogarth's prints. He seems indeed in some respects hardly better informed than *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme*, for he wrote "Prose is when all the lines except the last go on to the margin. Poetry is when some of them fall short of it"; and he stigmatized poetry as "misrepresentation." Thus it would appear that a philosopher or radical reformer need have for his business success no more of taste than suffices for a grocer or a stamp distributor.

Beccaria was not trained as a lawyer, but was forced to the consideration of criminal jurisprudence by the injustice he saw about him on every side. Born in 1738 in the land of the Inquisition and of the Council of Ten, where secret denunciation was the preliminary to torture intended to extract evidence, and where trial was an occasion for the prisoner to prove his innocence, he meditated on this system of wrongdoing, and discussed it in the society of other young men of good birth and sufficient inclination and leisure for learning. At the instigation of some of these companions Beccaria composed his surprisingly small but famous volume *Dei delitti e delle pene*, anonymously published in 1764 at Leghorn. There can be no doubt that this work was due to some extent to the attacks already made by Voltaire and others on the penal system of France; and Voltaire at once wrote a commentary upon the treatise which had brought such unlooked for aid in the combat he himself was waging. How bad things must have been on the Continent of Europe when Voltaire could write: "Ce n'était point de la libre Angleterre, point davantage des cours philosophiques du Nord de l'Europe qu'arrivait cette réponse; c'était du pays le moindre libre de tous, de l'Italie." The Encyclopædists of Paris hailed the treatise of the young unknown Milanese nobleman with just such feelings as moved Keats's

watcher of the skies

When a new planet swims into his ken;

* *Three Criminal Law Reformers—Beccaria, Bentham, Romilly.* By Coleman Philipson. Dent. 18s. net.

so that D'Alembert himself was constrained to write "Bien que petit, ce livre suffit à assurer à son auteur un nom immortel—Quelle philosophie, quelle vérité, quelle logique, quelle précision, et en même temps, quel sentiment et quelle humanité."

More surprising perhaps is the fact that the book had an immediate influence in England; being within a year of its appearance cited by Blackstone as an authority in support of his own arguments. Strange indeed does it seem that at the moment when Voltaire contrasted the countries of Europe with "free England," an English judge was pointing out to a somewhat indifferent people the "melancholy truth" that our statutes prescribed death as the punishment for 160 separate offences. It is notorious, and Professor Philipson duly insists upon the fact, that the judges and juries conspired together in many cases to prevent convictions which necessitated the infliction of punishments bearing no relation to the crime. Any variance between the allegation in the indictment, and the proof in evidence was seized upon by the judges to direct an acquittal. When to steal a thing worth forty shillings was a capital offence, Romilly told the House of Commons how, where a prisoner was proved to have stolen thirty-nine pieces of gold worth £39, the judge directed the jury to find the value at thirty-nine shillings, as the only way to prevent the passing of an iniquitous sentence; Beccaria and others naturally insisted that there was, in such instances as this, a violation of the Judicial Oath, and strict logicians would allow no such petition as "to do a great right do a little wrong." Beccaria insists that the necessity to pardon does of itself condemn the law that requires such a dispensing power. When Heine proclaimed, "Dieu me pardonnera—c'est son métier," he was certainly profane, and possibly mistaken.

Of course the imperfection of human law was not the discovery of Beccaria or of Bentham. Ancient Egypt, Greece and Rome had had their reformers long before, but the consciences of men were awakened in the late eighteenth century as seldom or never before. Beccaria produced a volume which by its literary style attracted attention and conciliated opinion. Bentham lit so many lamps that darkness was hardly possible to the blind themselves. If he did not himself behold the acceptance of many of his proposals, that is because he was rather a mechanician than a humanist. As Professor Philipson well says, "He came to believe, therefore, that all human beings—like mechanical contrivances designed to react to a certain external force—were necessarily, inevitably actuated by a hard and fast conception of pleasure and pain, and perforce adapted their views and their conduct to the rigid manipulations of a "felicific calculus."

Here resides the fault of all the "Utilitarians" and their school. Bentham was a barrister who knew nothing of the Courts. Romilly, on the contrary, spent much of his life in them, and his appeal was the more powerful since it was made to the heart as well as to the reason of mankind. Had Bentham appeared for Antonio against Shylock, he would doubtless have used legal arguments better than Portia's, but they would all have had as their *ultima ratio*, his "felicific calculus," the amount of satisfaction to the Jew's feelings being neatly worked out in Venetian ducats.

Verse A FOUNTAIN

THIS day's delight I'll gather up:
A fountain with a silver cup:
And, love, when we are far too old
For anything so young and cold,
Some traveller may pass along
And, having cooled his thirsty tongue
And rested there his aching feet,
Muse why the fountain is so sweet.

AGNES G. HERBERTSON

SHAW AND SUPERSHAW

By HERBERT FARJEON

Back to Methuselah. By Bernard Shaw. Birmingham Repertory Theatre.

THE production of 'Back to Methuselah' at the Birmingham Repertory Theatre has been, and is likely to remain, the most memorable theatrical event of the year. It is safe to predict that no one who sat through those five astonishing exhibitions of dressed-up dialectics will ever forget the invigorating, devastating, infuriating, desolating, fascinating experience they provided. By a merciful dispensation, the campaign against "intervals" which is being so successfully waged by Shakespearian enthusiasts has not yet extended to the plays of Mr. Bernard Shaw. Performed without "waits," 'Back to Methuselah' would defeat its own end: the natural term of life would be rather shortened than lengthened. But given as it was given by Mr. Barry Jackson, with considerate respites for recuperation, the cumulative effect was tremendous. True, there were dark moments during 'The Gospel of the Brothers Barnabas' and 'The Thing Happens,' when we begin to wonder whether it was all worth while and whether we might not be unhappy victims of the remorseless process of trial by error. But the final impression was emphatically favourable. If the play is not "as good as" the preface, it is more impressive, for the simple reason that the theatre is more impressive than the printed page. No one realizes this more clearly than Mr. Shaw himself: for although he seems to have reached the conclusion that Art is little more than a toy for children, he nevertheless accepts the fact that a Bible needs a church to make it effective. One of the most entertaining passages in 'Back to Methuselah' appears to have been written expressly in illustration of this point. It occurs in 'The Tragedy of an Elderly Gentleman,' when the British Envoy comes to consult the hocus-pocus Oracle of the Long-Livers. The Envoy is requested to wait while the Priest of the Oracle dresses up in Druidical robes and puts on a wig and beard "to impress you silly people." "My good lady," cries the Envoy, "is it worth while dressing up and putting on false beards for us if you tell us beforehand that it is all humbug?" "One would not think so," answers the good lady, "but if you won't believe in anyone who is not dressed up, why, we must dress up for you." "But," presses the Elderly Gentleman, "do you expect us to be impressed after this?" "I don't expect anything," comes the reply. "I know, as a matter of experience, that you will be impressed." And this, of course, is exactly what happens, not only to the British Envoy and to the Elderly Gentleman when the Oracle gets going, but to the whole of the audience in the Birmingham Repertory Theatre. That audience may split its sides over the genuflections of the British Envoy and the Elderly Gentleman, but does it not in turn demand that beautiful costumes shall be designed by Mr. Paul Shelving and mysterious lighting effects devised by Mr. H. K. Ayliff before it will accept the words put into the mouths of a spoof Adam, a spoof Eve and a spoof Lilith by a very real and rather superior Bernard Shaw? The more impressed the audience becomes, the more ridiculous it appears in the eyes of the Shavian Oracle, whose superiority thus achieves a kind of snowball growth. Mr. Shaw has always been an adept in the art of knocking spots off his public, but I doubt whether he has ever done it more neatly or more ruthlessly than in the present instance.

Now this demonstration of Shavian superiority is not a matter of accident: it is a matter of instinct, and it lies at the very root of 'Back to Methuselah.' As everybody knows, Mr. Shaw is so much more honest and courageous than the rest of us that he is not ashamed to talk about himself in the open market-place at great length and in terms of the highest praise: but never has he talked about himself at greater length or in terms of higher praise than in this "metabiological

pentateuch." It has often been objected against Mr. Shaw that he is unable to create human beings in his plays and that his characters are really just so many Shavian mouthpieces. To this he now replies that human beings are not worth creating and that he intends to advance from imitating "the lightly living child" to "the intensely living ancient." In other words, he will create the Superman. This, in itself, is an astounding enterprise. That anybody should want to create the Superman 30,000 years before his time seems to cry out for explanation. The next step is the step that matters; for all practical purposes it would have been enough to show (as Mr. Shaw most convincingly does show) that we are making a mess of the world, that we should probably make less of a mess of it if our lives were not so short, and that if we could find some means of living longer, we might be distinctly better off. But Mr. Shaw's urge to exhibit the Superman in action becomes understandable as soon as we perceive that his Superman is really a Supershaw, devoid of the qualities that Mr. Shaw lacks and despises and compact of the qualities that he possesses and admires. That Mr. Shaw should create the Superman in his own likeness is not surprising. If Smith were to create a Superman, he would create a Supersmith: but not being concerned enough about himself to create Supersmiths, he is content to create little Smiths and to achieve his immortality in them. This, however, will not do for Mr. Shaw, who is too individual to merge his personality, and who therefore indulges in the fantastic dream that, by sheer will-power and bar accidents, he might himself succeed in living for something not unlike ever. Now, one Supershaw would no doubt be delightful, but I am a little appalled by the prospect of a whole race of Supershaws, and I am relieved to notice that, in order to achieve this consummation, Mr. Shaw has found it necessary to rewrite the Book of Genesis. I am prepared to believe that the Book of Genesis contains several mistakes. But I am not prepared to believe, in the light of my own limited experience, that the "intense interest" which undoubtedly overspread the features of Eve, when she began to listen to the secret of the Serpent, gave way (see Mr. Shaw's stage directions) to "an expression of overwhelming repugnance." Of course, in order to establish the desirability of the all-but-abstract He-Ancient evolved by Part V of 'Methuselah,' it is necessary for Mr. Shaw to presuppose that sex is repugnant to Eve and that she is only willing to put up with it on account of an intense, if misguided, desire to produce Cains and Abels. But this sporting reversal of the order of Nature is—a sporting reversal of the order of Nature, and its consequences cannot therefore be seriously considered. A Superman evolved from a Disgusted Eve is not to be contemplated by anyone who believes that Eve was disgusted. A Superman evolved from an Eve who, hearing the Serpent's secret, clapped her hands, jumped for joy and danced three times round the jolly old Tree of Knowledge (what a sensation that would have provided for Birmingham!) seems to me much less beside the point.

'Back to Methuselah' is undoubtedly the most provocative play that Mr. Shaw has yet written: it is also his biggest, if not his best: and the Birmingham Repertory Theatre—now immeasurably the most important theatre in England—is once more to be congratulated on its pluck. The staging was admirable; the members of the company, facing an ordeal of the most rigorous nature, covered themselves with glory. There were two triumphs for Miss Edith Evans, first as the Serpent, last as the She-Ancient; two for Mr. Cedric Hardwicke, as the Archbishop and the He-Ancient; and three for Miss Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies, as the Young Eve, the Old Eve, and the prattling Newly Born. Perhaps the best compliment I can pay to the production as a whole, is to say that if Mr. Barry Jackson brings 'Methuselah' to London, I shall certainly go to see it all over again. I rather fancy that I would go if it were twice as long.

A Woman's Causerie

FASHION

IN the house, at the restaurants and in the streets, we see at last the fashions that were designed months ago and were by August, at the latest, ready to be shown. It has become a commonplace to say that the fashion is always beautiful; let us break new ground by stating brutally that this winter it has little to recommend it. It is not the straight line that is at fault, though that was prettier last year when a band somewhere near the waist gave a semblance of cohesion. What is wrong is that the line is often broken by frills and fuss and bits that annoy the tidy eye. It is doubtful if even for the fat the straight line is altogether a blessing, though it certainly hides undulating curves. But for the slight it means some loss of the charm of slimness by giving an appearance of hardness. Fat or thin, all are like tubes, though without the classic dignity of an iron drainpipe.

* * *

That nearly all artists, certainly all sculptors, and most men dislike the new fashion will in no way affect its development. The majority of women have little sense of beauty and do not dress to please men. That doctors write of the danger of hobbling will only make the dress designer smile. He can answer by affirming that the narrow skirt is the effect of a good cut and that there is, in fact, plenty of room for walking with safety. The women who dislike having bits flapping about them will take to a coat and skirt, a sad exchange from the easy pleasure of the little dress. But if statistics—always convincing to the democrat—could be made at the beginning of spring, it would be found that the amatory successes throughout the winter of the tailor-made beauties have excelled those of the other kind.

* * *

The real reason why we should grumble is that the fashion of the moment is not suitable for the streets. If a dress is short enough for omnibuses it is too short to bear flaps and pouches; it makes its wearer look dumpy and short. Why have we allowed ourselves to pass from the delightful chemise frock that was held in place by an uncommon belt and that was not too narrow, not too short, but as pretty as it was comfortable? Now the fashion is only and entirely for the rich. The straight frock needs the most experienced cutting; the folds and ornaments the best taste in their arrangement, and beyond this, the shoes that go with these dresses are not suitable for the puddles of the road. Let us remember that most of the business of the French dressmakers—the leaders of fashion—is now with North and South American women; and what is suitable for them, for their climate, and for their purses, is not possible for the European women who, since the war, have to live a much rougher life than that to which they had formerly been accustomed.

* * *

Fashion can of course answer that it is absurd to take into consideration anything so foolish as money. Fashion is for those for whom this problem does not exist. But as in these days no one likes to be odd, except in the way of oddness that fashion may dictate, it would be kind of the designers who are now busy with the frocks that summer will see on our backs, if they would take to heart the piteous state of the many million women who like to follow their glorious lead. Let them evolve a line that is really simple and that will flow with the curves of the body. That there is hope of this we can hold out a promise, for one of the most intellectual of the French dressmakers is starting the fashion of the double waist, and this, if properly carried out, may give us a chance that, without losing our liberty of breathing easily and digesting in comfort, we shall before long rival the slimness of the Apollo of Tegea.

Yoi

Letters to the Editor

¶ The Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW welcomes the free expression in these columns of genuine opinion on matters of public interest, although he disclaims responsibility alike for the opinions themselves and the manner of their expression.

¶ Letters which are of reasonable brevity, and are signed with the writer's name are more likely to be published than long and anonymous communications.

¶ Letters on topical subjects, intended for publication the same week, should reach us by the first post on Wednesday.

THE PROBLEM OF UNEMPLOYMENT

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—Your correspondent, Mr. T. B. Johnston, has been good enough to forward me a reprint of the correspondence between himself and Mr. Hartley Withers, which appeared in your issues of March 10, March 31, and April 9 last. May I be permitted, through the medium of your valuable columns, to add a few remarks to this correspondence?

Mr. Johnston estimates that British exports before the war were approximately five hundred millions, and the total turnover of the home trade between ten thousand and twelve thousand millions. I assume, therefore, that we may estimate the total export and home trade together at something like ten thousand five hundred to twelve thousand five hundred millions. I also assume, for the sake of argument, that the industrialists of this country, i.e., the manufacturer, factor, and exporter, earn a net profit on this turnover of, say, 10 per cent. It is very unlikely that the net profit is anything like as large, but I desire to be on the liberal side. Now, if I am correct, the estimated national expenditure in 1922 and 1923 was:

Consolidated Fund Service	...	£363,438,000
Supply Service	£546,631,000
Total		£910,069,000

I am not a great economist, but one only has to review the charges levied upon industry by taxation of various kinds, and to add to these the costs of running the industry of the country, to calculate how much manufacturers, factors, and exporters can put aside out of their incomes to pay their way, *increase production* and assist in meeting the national expenditure.

Wonder is expressed by many at the present deplorable unemployment. It seems to me that what I pointed out some time ago was inevitable, namely, that if one takes a sledge hammer and by deflation reduces the value of immobile and mobile assets in the shape of stocks, etc., to such a figure that it is impossible for the industrialists to realize these assets without enormous losses, the results which the present balance sheets of the various industrial concerns show are inevitable.

It also seems clear to me that the greater part of the burden is, as a natural corollary, being borne, not by the bankers or the Government, but by the industrial community. I, therefore, cannot see how we are to mend matters except we review them from an entirely different and broader standpoint. I hold, rightly or wrongly, that this country will have to throw orthodoxy to the winds. I do not believe that she can thrive upon a policy of absolute free trade while the rest of the world remains protectionist, and the low rates of exchange encourage imports into this country under the cost of home production. She cannot with ease continue to pay her debts contracted during the war if she does not obtain payment from her debtors. I am also of the opinion that if the bankers continue to force down the immobile and mobile capital of industry to such a price as to make it impossible for the industrialists to obtain more liquid working resources, industry will remain appalled by all the facts surrounding it, will continue to

endeavour to save itself by reducing expenditure—thus throwing out more workers—and unemployment will grow.

It seems to me that in spite of all the interesting suggestions made by Mr. T. B. Johnston and others, there is only one true remedy for all the evils from which industry is at present suffering, namely, rest from these violent remedies like deflation, the infusion of new blood, i.e., working capital, into industry instead of paying it out to idle men to assist them to walk the streets and lose their skill, until such time as it can rebuild its constitution, and last, but not least, the restoration by all means in our power of that confidence and *enterprise* which, to my mind, has been so frightfully shattered by what I may term a deplorable want of imagination as to the interests of the industrialists and of the country at large.

Having taken Mr. Johnston's figures as a basis for my argument I have not touched upon the question of "closed markets" and fall in exchanges, which factors only serve to make the situation more desperate.

I am, etc.,

EDWARD BERKELEY

Finchbury Court, Finchbury Pavement

DOES CANADA PREFER FRANCE?

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—Before the Overseas Premiers return from the Imperial Conference to their various Dominions, it would be useful if we could all come to a clearer understanding about the policy underlying the Franco-Canadian Convention which came into force at the beginning of last month. The effect of certain concessions made by Canada in that agreement to France has been to reduce the preference on British goods as compared with French, a trading advantage which at the moment is being very considerably emphasized by the cheapness of the franc.

The first result of the situation is most interesting. A syndicate of French manufacturers have already set up in Canada a dye-house where grey goods imported under the Convention may be coloured in the Dominion. A needless blow, that is to say, is being delivered, not only at our textile trades, but at British dyestuffs precisely when this young industry is taking the road to real prosperity.

The frank opinion of the Imperial Conference upon the whole question would certainly be illuminating. New Zealand's views would in particular be valuable, for there a "depreciated currency duty" has just been adopted to allow Britons a reasonable chance of competing for business in British markets.

I am, etc.,

FRED. W. ASTBURY

St. Peter's Square, Manchester

FRANCE AND ENGLAND

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—Will you permit me to comment upon the letter signed "Pro-English," in a recent issue? "Pro English" states that the *Daily Mail*, for which journal I hold no brief, has a Continental circulation to consider, while the rest of our Press has none. He thereby pays a great compliment to the *Daily Mail* and administers a neat back-hander to the rest.

He accuses France of vindictiveness. France is seeking the reparations to which she is entitled by Treaty, and security against future German aggression. Will "Pro-English" explain where the "vindictiveness" comes in? He states that Germany is being driven by hunger to anarchy. But Germany is self-supporting in all essential foodstuffs. Will "Pro-English" expound?

Lastly, he virtually accuses France of having been the bully of Europe in the past. How many European



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ, No. 69

THE APEX OF EMPIRE

By 'QUIZ'

"The problem of the British Empire is one of hewing blocks of granite out of different quarries and fashioning them . . . and putting them into a building, each separate block contributing strength so that the whole will be a fabric of infinite strength and infinite beauty."—Mr. LLOYD GEORGE at Montreal, October 8.

wars has France started in the last hundred years? By the by, how many has Germany started in the same period? Let us pluck the beam from our own eye before we call the French "cads," as does "Pro-English." Let him read Admiral Consett's book. What with our disgraceful trading with the enemy and treacherous misuse of our sea power during the war, and our crawling out of the Treaty of 1919, which guaranteed France's future security against Germany, we ought to be ashamed to look France in the face.

"Pro-English" is strangely tender to Germany, our implacable enemy and principal trade rival.

I am, etc.,

W. A. MACBEAN

Junior United Service Club

THE IRISH CHARACTER

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—Let us approach bed-rock. Of the population of the whole of Ireland, a proportion is largely or entirely of Norman, Huguenot, Scandinavian, English or Scotch descent, or blends of these, and are "Irish" nominally, but certainly not in the sense that the Milesian or Iberian aborigines are Irish. The latter unfortunately are in the majority in Ireland, and particularly of course if Ulster be excluded. This is partly because of their fecundity, and partly because they have for so long made life in Ireland intolerable to decent citizens; thus forcing a large proportion of these to emigrate. Being loyal to Britain, these latter naturally tended in the main to go to New Zealand or to other portions of the Empire, while disloyal and aboriginal Irish naturally gravitated largely to the United States. I know nothing of Mr. Scholefield's book, but having lived in New Zealand for thirty years am surprised to learn that one in six of its immigrants is Irish, even in the broadest sense of that word. Still, many very capable people have left Ireland for New Zealand; and where their pedigrees are known to any extent, it appears that such people contain little if any of the aboriginal Irish blood, and their physiognomy and character support this conclusion. Unfortunately we have some of the others also (I think the gold rush and the Maori wars accounted for many of these), and they give us the same kind of trouble as they cause in America and elsewhere. In lending money, the character of the borrower is the first thing to consider. We know that New Zealand can borrow easily, and Mr. Bryan Cooper may soon find out in what estimation the Irish Free State is held.

I am, etc.,

GUY PORTER

Upper King's Cliff, Jersey, C.I.

THE MOORS OF THE RIFF

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—Since 1914 tens of thousands of Christian Armenians—hundreds of thousands if one is to believe pro-Armenian propagandists—have been massacred by Moslem Turks in Asia Minor. Although the Turks justify, or attempt to justify, this bloodthirsty procedure, in declaring that the Armenians, by their activities, were betraying the Turkish rear to the enemy, Christian Europe—including Catholics, Anglicans, etc.—has not ceased to denounce those massacres.

At the present moment Catholic Spain is waging an absolutely wanton war against Moslem Moors in Northern Morocco. Is there no one to raise a humanitarian protest against this slaughter of a Moslem race by a Christian Power, which cannot even bring forward the excuse that these Moslems are threatening any real Spanish interest?

Though Spain is one of the only two remaining Catholic Powers in Europe, it does not seem likely that the Pope will interfere or use his influence to stop this useless slaughter of Moslems. Is it not possible

therefore for that brave "sea-dog," Lord Wester Wemyss, who was head of the Admiralty during the last year of the war, to start a campaign in favour of fair treatment for these Moors, who only desire to be left alone? Will he not remember the able way he stood up for the Moslem Turk and denounced the Sèvres Treaty (now defunct, but then being upheld by Lord Curzon) in his maiden speech in the House of Lords on August 4, 1920?

(N.B. Lord Curzon endeavoured, in reply, to prove that the Sèvres Treaty was sound—events have shown that Lord Wemyss was right.)

Cannot General Townshend, who fought so bravely against the Moslem Turk in Mesopotamia and bears them no ill-will—cannot he raise his voice also on behalf of these Moors of the Riff, as the Churches seem to be silent?

I am, etc.,

"TOURNEBROCHE"

[We publish this letter, not because we agree with any of the views expressed in it, but because it affords a striking example of the essentially British habit of seeking in the remotest and least likely quarters for objects of sympathy, while remaining quite unmoved by wrongs or privations suffered nearer home. We suggest the case of the Irish Loyalists to "Tournebroche," as being quite certainly worthy of all the help and sympathy that he can spare; while as for the Moors of the Riff—if he had ever been in that part of Morocco (and very few Englishmen have) and seen what goes on there, it might appear to him that the real object of sympathy was the unfortunate Spaniard.—ED. S.R.]

THE "SATURDAY" IN AMERICA

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—I am sorry that I permitted the time to go by without sending you a remittance for another year, but I am glad that you did not stop sending me the REVIEW. Under its present management, or at any rate at the present time, I find it most interesting in its literary review and in its world-wide political information. Many years ago when I first began to read it, I liked its serious criticisms of this country and of the Catholic Church, since I belonged to both, but the war mellowed you down, so that now you believe that both of us are pretty good fellows after all. It was interesting to see how we looked in the eyes of good judges, though partisan, and the seriousness of your writers on these subjects was rather amusing.

All that has passed away now, and is like the story related by your distinguished Sir John Simon, when he represented the British Bar at an annual meeting of the American Bar Association here a few years ago, about a question asked some distinguished Catholic priest of London by one of his parishioners. The question was, "Father, what is the difference between the Cherubim and the Seraphim?" To which the priest replied after a moment's hesitation, "There used to be a difference but it has been fixed up long ago."

I should like to comment also on the literary style of the REVIEW itself, but I have said enough. I have always refrained from writing to newspapers and periodicals when tempted to do so, and so far I have not been guilty, but this morning in sending my draft to you, I felt that I should like to tell you, as a subscriber, what I thought of the REVIEW and why I took it.

I am, etc.,

F. J. CANTY

Chicago, Ill., October 5

[We can assure our correspondent that such a tribute is more than welcome. As a rule we only hear from subscribers who wish to find fault with us.—ED. S.R.]

MODERNIZING OXFORD

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—Many of your readers will have been glad to see in a recent issue of your paper, a paragraph drawing attention to the importance of preserving from desecration the ancient beauty of the streets and colleges of Oxford. Few old Oxonians, who have not been there lately, can imagine the damage that has been done in recent years, which I regret to hear is still in progress. Speculators have been erecting buildings for commercial purposes that dwarf the hitherto stately colleges, and that throw the houses of ordinary height out of all proportion. I hear on high authority that the plans for these monster erections are pushed through without any knowledge of the citizens in general, so that objectors find it too late to remonstrate. I beg to suggest that a limit of height should be fixed by a by-law passed by the Town Council, so that "sky-scrapers" may not ruin what still remains of the dignity of the City and University. Visitors in summer help to bring custom to the average tradespeople, but Americans will no longer care to come and worship at the ancient shrines of their forefathers and ours, if they are to be chiefly greeted by the "sky-scrapers" which they dislike at home.

I am, etc.,

"OLD OXONIAN"

Ross-on-Wye

M. FOKINE AND 'HASSAN'

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—I am informed that I was incorrect in attributing to M. Fokine the arrangement of the 'March of Protracted Death' in Flecker's tragedy. The credit belongs solely to Mr. Basil Dean. I make this correction all the more readily because it gives me another opportunity of expressing my admiration for the beauty of this scene. At the same time I would not be thought to belittle M. Fokine's share in the production. It was a great pleasure to see new creations by this supreme ballet-master, whose earlier masterpieces have of recent years been somewhat tarnished by careless performances and outworn *décors*, and have in consequence been outshone by the speciously more brilliant, if less permanently satisfying, inventions of his successors.

I am, etc.,

DYNELEY HUSSEY

Old Buildings, Lincoln's Inn

A CORRECTION

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—I beg your indulgence for the correction of a rather serious inaccuracy for which I was responsible in my letter in your issue of September 29, involving a confusion of personal names. St. Jerome wrote, of course, not against the orthodox Emperor Jovian, but against Jovinian, the ex-monk and heretic.

I am, etc.,

JOHN G. HALL

LETTERS WANTED

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—May I ask in your columns for the loan of letters written by the late Miss Louise Imogen Guiney? I am preparing a volume of these for immediate publication, and any material lent would be gratefully acknowledged and quickly returned.

I am, etc.,

GRACE GUINEY,

Literary Executor

10 Holywell, Oxford

Reviews

MORE CARLYLE LETTERS

Letters of Thomas Carlyle to John Stuart Mill, John Sterling, and Robert Browning. Edited by Alexander Carlyle. Fisher Unwin. 25s. net.

CARLYLE literature, what with the thirty volumes he wrote himself, the at least equal bulk of letters of which he was the writer or the recipient, and the almost endless volumes, ranging from full-length biographies to monographs on some disputed aspects of his life and writings, is becoming so considerable as to be well nigh unmanageable from a reader's point of view. What becomes abundantly clear to students of this literature is that, with certain honourable exceptions, by far the most valuable, perhaps ultimately the only valuable, part of it is that written by Carlyle himself. And of his voluminous writings we incline more and more to value, even above his masterpieces, the volumes of letters in which, as his life was lived and his work was performed, he wrote intimately of both to his chosen friends. For it is almost a peculiarity of a writer so industrious as he was that in everything he wrote, whether it were in monumental history or the most trifling note, he was equally sincere, and the desire for truth and exact conveyance of fact or opinion is not more apparent in one than in the other. Carlyle's peculiar genius for writing lay in his ability to recast the common language of thought, and forge and weld it to fit his thought, rather than any general or universal thought. So in his letters, however intimate, the style is as much his own, and as scrupulously moulded from his molten thought, as it was in his most elaborate works. A thing that he excelled in was a lightning sketch of some character, done in a dozen flashing words. From a purely literary point of view, these are perhaps the most precious and characteristic residue of his work; and we venture to say, from a fairly close familiarity with both his books and his letters, that there are more of these thumb-nail sketches to be found in the letters than in the essays and histories. For that reason we hope, as surely the supply of unpublished letters must by now be almost at an end, that an effort will be made to collect all his published letters, as they have never yet been collected, in chronological order. As he wrote chiefly about his work, his times, himself and his friends, we would thus in such a collection have his life and his works in one—surely a desirable combination.

The volume before us is surprisingly valuable in the sense that more than forty years after his death it gives to the world a set of letters hitherto unpublished (except for extracts contained in Froude's biography) of first-class importance written to Mill, to Sterling, and to Browning. They range from the year 1831 to 1856. There are eighty letters to Mill and thirty-three to Stirling; those to Browning number only seventeen, since the two lived together in London and met constantly. They are full of interest; they belong to an age when neither the telephone, the motor-car, the frequent and rapid railway-train, nor the popular daily Press had tended to make all things common; when everyone who wrote a letter thought his own news likely to be of interest to his correspondent; and when individual views were still worth reading, since views were not broadcasted in the manner of to-day. No better correction of the many stupid and ignorant superstitions about Carlyle could be found than a perusal of this volume, which shows him as he was—ever kind, ever earnest, with a tremendous genius for sincerity, and never without the salt of humour. Here is a passage in reply to a criticism of Mills's on one of his mannerisms in style:

As to my quarrel with the nominative-and-verb, I do assure you it is one that I daily reflect on with great sorrow; but it

is not a quarrel of my seeking. I mean that the common English mode of writing has to do with what I call *hearsays* of things; and the great business for me, in which alone I feel any comfort, is recording the *presence*, bodily concrete coloured presence of things;—for which the nominative-and-verb, as I find it Here and Now, refuses to stand me in due stead. Hence our quarrel; and separation, really an un-blessed one! I do believe, however, that I have not taken all I could have got from this poor nominative-and-verb; but I will do it—more and more as I grow wiser.

Those who think of Carlyle merely as a preacher, in and out of season, of the gospel of work, may be comforted by a sentence in another letter to Mill, in which he says, "Avoid painful thoughts and cares; know the virtue of idleness, for it really is a virtue, which some want." And here is a vivid portrait of Webster, the Washington Senator, whom he had met at a dinner at Lord Houghton's:

I will warrant him one of the stiffest logic-buffers and Parliamentary athletes anywhere to be met with in our world at present. A grim, tall, broad-bottomed, yellow-skinned man, with brows like precipitous cliffs, and huge black, dull, wearied, unwearable-looking eyes under them; amorphous, projecting nose; and the angriest shut mouth I have anywhere seen;—a droop on the sides of the upper lip is quite mastiff-like, magnificent to look upon, it is so quiet withal. I guess I should like ill to be that man's nigger! However, he is a right clever man in his way; and has a husky sort of fun in him, too;—draws, in a handfast, didactic manner, about "our republican institutions," etc., etc., and so plays his part.

The letters to Sterling, like all his writings to and concerning that charming character, are charged with an intimate sincerity that is as fresh and inspiring to us in our day as it must have been to Sterling in his day. The letters are true compositions, in the sense that they are rounded off and never fail to give a little picture of the writer, wherever he was. This, for example, from Chelsea:

Good night, dear Sterling. The wet wind is roaring thro' all the crevices of Nature in these parts: I am tired with the whole day's confinement, and proceed now to knit up the ravelled sleeve of innumerable paltry cares with an honest pipe of tobacco, my *finale* for the night. Nightly, in that last pipe, I think of all friends, and go often enough to Falmouth,—and much farther, alas!

These collected letters make a handsome volume of three hundred pages, which Mr. Alexander Carlyle has admirably edited and presented. It is among the best and most important volumes of letters that have appeared in recent years.

THREE NEW POETS

Poems. By Edna St. Vincent Millay. Secker. 6s. net.

The Last Illusion. By Colin Hurry. Constable. 5s. net.

Poems. By Alister Mackenzie. Porpoise Press. 1s. net.

JUST as the suspension of a ship's noises impresses the ear more memorably than the loudest of them, so the suspension of experimentalism in art strikes the soul as more audacious than the most bizarre of the audacities. The sophisticated anarchy of most American verse has become a tyranny as grandiose as never the heroic couplet was. We hardly feel a new American poet has justified his existence unless he has wrought some new violence upon the body of language, or patented some new cacophony. It is just because Miss Edna St. Vincent Millay has dared to use conventional rhythms, positively nothing more smart than the iambic hymn metre, that she strikes us as more gallant than her fellows. She is more revolutionary by standing still than they are by whirling madly on the tips of their toes. She is less concerned in anticipating her neighbour's next poetic *mot* than in rendering her own reactions from the immemorial provocations of poetry. Because she is never clever, she is always wise. Because she never plays pranks with metre, she attains a beautiful and serious freedom within the limits she has imposed upon herself.

A fine, an almost Shelleyan, pantheism hers. If she lacks ecstasy, her ease and spontaneity are no less authentic:

Lord, I do fear
Thou'st made the world too beautiful this year;
My soul is all but out of me—let fall
No burning leaf; prithee, let no bird call.

Only rarely does she allow herself to respond to some impetus not wholly vivid and compulsive, as when we learn from her that all the good she knew, was taught her out of "two grey eyes—a long time ago." Such relapses into a limelit facility of sentiment are rare. Her utterances are rather wrung from her out of her own despite. Her sensitiveness to the world's pageant of beauty is so acute as to be almost pitiable:

I am waylaid by Beauty. Who will walk
Between me and the crying of the frogs?
Oh savage Beauty, suffer me to pass,
That am a timid woman, on her way
From one house to another!

Mr. Colin Hurry is a robust poet, with a tendency towards sententiousness which is not worthy of his robustness. The spectacle of a child pursuing a butterfly provokes us so easily to an analogy with the pursuit of fancy, that we should refrain from formalizing it in verse. He is more at home in a drinking song, in a manner derived from Skelton through Mr. Graves, but at a long remove. We are more stimulated to Bacchic frenzies by the original, and are inclined to think that if these poems had been submitted to a gentleman with a more acute sense of humour than Mr. Hurry, they might have been improved considerably or, in certain cases, deleted wholly. It is a pity that in the fine poem called 'The Watcher,' he should allow his mysterious stranger to inquire after a lady with a "yodelling call." He promptly confuses his backgrounds, so that the Tyrol and the music-hall stage fight hard to assert themselves over each other. Occasionally he allows himself an almost grotesquely stilted diction, which stands out the more lamentably from the pages of a poet who is essentially a modernist. He asks a friend, for instance, "to sip a social cup" with him, or he remonstrates with a *fille de joie* that

Her hair was never woven at Nature's loom.

But we can only reply that whether she herself had grown it or not grown it, Nature's loom was equally responsible for it.

However, Mr. Hurry's war poems are sonorous and finely phrased, while any thought of mountains, in any association, strikes good poetry out of him:

There winds a track o'er scarped steep
That crumble into sliding scree
High up where brooding silence keeps
A guard upon her fastnesses.

To us the most astonishing of these poets is Mr. Alister Mackenzie. So far as we can trace, no work from this poet has appeared in periodical or other form, and the fact reawakens in us an old suspicion that an age's finest poets are its least advertised. In a small sheaf of poems he has dared to attempt the grand manner, and though he has failed sometimes, as most do, he has sometimes succeeded. Francis Thompson has had something to do with his development, but the black presences of mountains and the dark voices of midnight have had more:

As I was walking in a tire
Of stars along the Causeymire,
As I drew near the place of tombs
Where squeaks the bat and the bitter booms,
I heard—was it a clap of wind
From out the creeping wood behind. . . .

He is particularly successful in the incorporation of unusual and highly significant Scotch words into his poetry. And after Mr. Blunden's enrichment of our language with a new wealth from the southern counties, it is appropriate that Mr. Mackenzie should hold out to us this promise of good things from the north. We cannot do better than quote his 'Antipodes' to display what a sense of curious rhythm and fine imagery this new poet possesses:

My ghost goes troubled in its clay to find
The lost land of Antipodes—
Cobbles of cloud, and balusters of wind,
And ceiling of trees;

Swift Beings climb there to the topmost sea,
And dive into the starriest deep,
And laugh in wake of winged earth, as we
In heaven's do weep;

Mutely we drag slow limbs, dour thanes of Dis:
The shouting, pinioned sons of Pan
Are they; wherefore to win where that land is
My ghost goeth wan.

THE GREAT COBURGER

Leopold I of Belgium. By Dr. Egon Cæsar Corti.
Fisher Unwin. 21s. net.

IT was, perhaps, going too far to call Leopold I "the Nestor of Europe," but he certainly played a great advisory part in the dynastic affairs of the Continent from about 1830, when his diplomatic lever found a suitable fulcrum in the newly established throne of Belgium, to his death in 1865. He is perhaps best known to English readers as the perpetual uncle of Queen Victoria, whose youthful character his sincere affection and prudent advice did much to form.

It is with the earlier and what we may not unfairly call the English part of his career that the most interesting pages of Dr. Corti's biography deal, but it would convey a wrong impression if we did not add that his work is throughout very readable. It gives an entertaining sketch of European affairs from the standpoint of the worthy and hardworking diplomatist whose long fingers stretched out from Brussels into every dynastic pie that would admit them. Leopold, as Dr. Corti says in his concluding summary of character, "had a mania for offering advice to everybody. Unasked advice, however, is often unwelcome; especially if the counsellor is right." Even Queen Victoria, soon after she had come to the throne, found it necessary to intimate very explicitly to the uncle, whom she nevertheless loved and admired more than almost anybody else, that she was very much a queen, and, like Telemachus, had begun to think for herself. "He seems to be vexed," she wrote to a still dearer Coburger, "because I no longer ask his advice; but my dear uncle is disposed to believe that he has been chosen to dominate everything. That is not exactly necessary." Leopold, however, kept in more or less friendly contact with most of the European courts through their summits, and in Dr. Corti's pages we are reminded of many forgotten figures and incidents of the mid-nineteenth century—such, for instance, as the discreditable but highly entertaining intrigue known as "the Spanish marriages," and the half-insane Tsar who was seriously considering the advisability of having himself gazetted as taking precedence next after the Holy Ghost—a novel form of making the best of both worlds.

As we have said, however, it is the earlier English portion of Dr. Corti's book which specially appeals to us. Leopold, of course, narrowly missed being the real if not the nominal King of England, since he was chosen—the first of what Bismarck afterwards unkindly called "the Coburg stud-farm"—as the husband of George IV's daughter and heiress, and it was only the blundering of the doctors who attended her in her confinement that presented his ever-present ambition for kingship from displaying itself on the widest conceivable field. Leopold, whose tact and discretion beyond his years had conquered a very unwilling father-in-law in the Regent, achieved the still more difficult task of remaining *persona grata* at the Court of St. James under George IV.

Those days presented several curious resemblances to the present ones. After the Napoleonic wars England and the Continent were passing through a crisis, on a smaller scale, which is not very unlike that of today. A future historian of our own age might well use

Dr. Corti's words—"The interest on the National Debt contracted during the war pressed heavily on the Budget; and there was a fresh crisis in trade, which threw thousands out of employment." In one of the numerous hitherto unpublished letters which Dr. Corti has been able to consult in the Meran archives, Leopold uses words equally applicable to 1923:—"It seems as if since 1790 everything is unintelligible, and things grow worse and worse. Events which gave our fathers topics of conversation for decades are now crowded into a single year. Who now speaks about Napoleon? Yet what he was only seven years ago!" We can also sympathize with Leopold's opinion of the Prussians, of whom he writes in another of these new letters, after some trying experience of them at the Congress of Vienna:—"I thank my God that I am no longer in a position to be plagued by that godless crew. Our excellent Wilhelm is a pearl amongst these swine. I except the Crown Prince also, but the others are all worthless."

The book has been excellently translated by Mr. Joseph McCabe, who does this kind of work with skill and fidelity—though we might just suggest that it is not easy even for a statesman to "build upon a clash," as he makes Palmerston do at page 89, and in the bibliography it might have been well to restore the original titles of French works which Dr. Corti naturally quotes in the German translation. There are some excellent illustrations, among which a pure gem is the reproduction of an old water-colour representing the Archduke John's first meeting with his future wife, the postmaster's daughter at Aussee. It is difficult to say whether the respectful adoration of the Archduke or the coy demureness of the damsel is the more striking.

BREADTH AND LIMITATION

Politics and History. By John Viscount Morley.
Macmillan. 7s. 6d. net.

WE are only too apt to shape for ourselves images of acquaintances, friends, celebrities. We reduce them to essentials, and simplify in the way of caricaturists. The John Morley whom we have recently lost is in similar case. It is easy to define him offhand as the *Doctrinaire*. He is the superior person with clear-cut principles who looks down upon all outside the fold of the chosen. The mass of men are deaf to reason, to rationalism. They are unspeakably foolish, and best dismissed with curt irony. For himself, he has wedded reason, and is of unimpeachable integrity, idealist and realist in one. Justice, Freedom, Right—these are the words with which to conjure; but words to be interpreted fitly by his own school alone. He is in the line and succession of Turgot and Comte, Austin and Mill. Through the Utilitarians he joins hand with his fellows of the eighteenth century. He is a man of the eighteenth century who has had to reckon with the later idea of Evolution. Being of his school, and by temperament, he averts his gaze from wide regions of human thought and feeling. And when the crisis came, he washed his hands of a world turned mad. From a silver age he had fallen upon a bronze. There was nothing left him but to withdraw to his chilly heights.

But such impressions are too summary. Upon closer study of his works, or even of this single volume of the revised and definite edition, with its notable essays on 'Macchiavelli' and 'Guicciardini,' 'Politics and History' and 'Words and their Glory,' his range expands before us. It is a wide compass to fetch round and within his borders. If one lets him reveal and betray himself in the discussion of men and matters, one ends with respect. He is always for basing politics upon history. Certain effects inevitably follow certain causes. The historian of political thought and action "ought to be statesman, reasoner, critic, judge. His gifts are sagacity, clearness, order." Truth must be sought and ascertained as far as may be. And as he

bids, so he performs. The first and last impression he leaves is that of the sceptic, in the good sense of the term. He balances contrary opinion. "Aye and No never answered any question," as Selden puts it. He is for the middle course between the absolute and the revolutionary, between abstract politics and blood-inflamed destructiveness. Reason, for him, is a sure refuge; but he finds that rationalism tramples out imagination, sentiment, tradition, collective faith and belief. Looking out on the world, he bids himself avoid tragic despair and cynical laughter at the comedy of it all. And, steering his middle course, though he disclaims for himself and others competency in ultimate questions, is paralyzed by his sense of the insoluble, he has his serene if limited wisdom.

Different soils, different uses. It is ill expecting all crops from one region. But after all it is a wide range of historical and political observation that John Morley fills out. And he has his lasting value. If we think that we have all truth within our grasp, he gives fit warning. If we are moved, in human fashion, to be intolerant, he practises a wise leniency. Politicians of whosever school, we can draw from his rich arsenal the weapons we affect. He is something of the stoic, indeed, and the milk of human kindness does not flow readily in him, excellent friend though he was. Comte had set too strong a mark upon him, and he lacked the sensibility and wistfulness of Mill driven in upon himself. He is all on the side of the angels where conduct and righteous politics are concerned. Did he sufficiently ask himself how humanity is to go on flourishing with the roots of philosophy and religion cut through and upturned? There is so much he avoids answering. None the less he has nobility of mind, however chill.

A STUDY OF SMELLS

Aromatics and the Soul. By Dan McKenzie, M.D. Heinemann. 7s. 6d. net.

DR. MCKENZIE, who is well-known to medical students as the author of a leading text-book on diseases of the throat, nose and ear, has clearly amused his own leisure and will amuse that of many readers by the production of this highly entertaining parergon. The style is a curious mixture of colloquialism and pomposity—it is long since we read a book capable of describing the act of undressing for a bath as "the necessary denudation antecedent to total immersion"—which turns out to be happily adapted to the author's blend of science with jocosity. Dr. McKenzie's own powers of "olfaction" do not seem to be as well developed as those of Coleridge, who was able in Cologne to count "two-and-seventy stenchs, All well-defined and several stinks." Dr. McKenzie, by the way, does an injustice to Coleridge, since he only gives him credit for analyzing twenty-seven. He himself, he tells us, was only able to disentangle as many as ten objectionable public perfumes in "lovely Lucerne." But perhaps this is in part due to the improvement of sanitation since Coleridge's time, a subject to which Dr. McKenzie's first chapter is devoted. He draws a lurid—perhaps we should rather mix the metaphor and say odoriferous—picture of the smells of European capitals in the days of our ancestors, when the "gardy-loo" was a nightly observance in Edinburgh, even as it had been in ancient Rome for the same reason—

Quoties rimosa et curta fenestris
Vasa cadunt.

Even to-day a stroll in Dublin,

Where Liffey rolls its dead dogs to the sea,
is by no means balmy, and London is poisoned in hot weather with the stench of motor exhausts. Yet Europe is "a mountain-top to a pig-sty compared with the old and gorgeous East." A traveller sometimes wishes that he had left his nose behind him, but then, as Dr. McKenzie justly reminds us, he would be unable to taste any of the strange dishes and exotic fruits that are so interesting in travel; for it is the nose and not the

palate in which the sense of taste is really located, as, indeed, everyone knows who has had a cold in the head.

Dr. McKenzie points out the curious fact that we have no terminology for odours as we have for colours and sounds. "We never name an odour; we only say it has a smell like something or other. . . . In this defect smell is unique among the senses." He also notes that, if the eyes are closed, the delicacy of appreciation of flavours is entirely lost. In the same way most smokers know that it is impossible to taste tobacco in the dark, although blind men seem to derive much enjoyment from their pipes. Of this phenomenon our author confesses his inability to suggest any explanation. We are still curiously ignorant of the ultimate facts of the physiology of the senses. He gives some amazing details as to the delicate acuteness of the sense of smell. It is possible, as careful experiment has shown, to detect the smell of a garlicky substance called mercaptan when it is diluted to no more than 26 million millionths of a grain in three cubic inches of air. This helps to explain the old problem why musk can go on diffusing its scent almost indefinitely without any perceptible decrease in its mass. Decrease there is, no doubt, but it is so tiny that we cannot measure it.

There are also some extraordinary particulars as to the intensity of the sense of smell in animals and insects. Thus the male of the Great Peacock motn is able to smell out a female as much as a mile and a half away. Even more difficult to explain, perhaps, are the exploits of the truffle-hunting spaniel or of the black fellows who can smell water at incredible distances—and that without its being chlorinated. Dr. McKenzie has covered his ground with great completeness, and made a valuable contribution to popular science.

A TOO DEBONAIR CRITIC

The World in Falseface. By George Jean Nathan. The Bodley Head. 7s. 6d. net.

MR. GEORGE JEAN NATHAN is nothing if not a lusty journeyer in the jousts of the drama. We derive from him, as from Mr. H. L. Mencken, his pungent partner in the editorship of the *Smart Set*, the impression that they must strike or die. Whom they strike and how they strike him does not matter so much. There is no point of rest in their criticism, no standard of values. The very thought of such a thing would be distasteful to them, a mummy from the academic formalism of Europe. Their editorial occupations have more seriously influenced Mr. Nathan than his colleague, for all life to him has become paragraphistic, whether he prints his staccato impressions conjointly or disjunct.

He tries hard to create in our minds a consistent picture of himself as a debonair dog of criticism, but the effort grows more fitful as his shorthand pencil registers a new sequence of conceits and contradictions; till suddenly, fifty paragraphs farther on, he bethinks himself again of the figure he has set out to create. Once more he reminds us how the human failing called friendship means little or nothing to him; that he is so sensitive to feminine beauty that an actress, to win his suffrages, must be "above almost everything else, beautiful"; and how lamentable is the passing of the pineapple Daquiri cocktails from the *Telegrafo* in Havana. He has no taciturnities, no sense of light and shade, so that his paragraphs rebound from the wearied brain like pebbles, hard, dry, and meaningless. For that reason we cannot take as seriously as he would like his presentation of himself as a more callous Nero, a more sophisticated Tiberius. "On that day during the world-war when the most critical battle was being fought, I sat in my still, sunlit, cosy library composing a chapter in aesthetics for a new book on the drama. And at five o'clock, my day's work done, I shook and drank a half-dozen excellent *apéritifs*."

What a snivelling, contemptible person would not this gentle author be if we were to take the

reminiscence gravely. But the hopeless opulence of that half-dozen, no less, of *apéritifs*, gives away his game. Mr. Nathan, fingers in waistcoat, is delivering himself of yet another paragraph. Shocked and delighted squeals rip from all the tenement-windows in Arverne, Long Island. O, but a silly habit of mind! Much is made of the fact, he declares complacently, that he often leaves the theatre in the middle of the second act of a play. Does not this prove, he inquires, his devotion to the theatre as nothing else could? "If I didn't love the theatre, would I, when the play is that bad, wait so long?" And if he loved the English language, would he, when his writing is that bad, permit himself so wearisome a volubility?

He is acute enough to realize that a form of humour, as popular in his own country as ours, and more mechanical than most, is the ancient device of bringing into sharp juxtaposition two subjects violently out of key with each other. But he is not acute enough to realize further that that very mannerism is the only arrow in his own quiver of humour, so persistent in its manipulation that it becomes an obsession for writer and reader equally. He is, for example, enumerating the things he so whimsically does not like. They include Romain Rolland, silk underwear, and the St. Sébastien of Augustin Ribot. But even more audacious is he, in this idiosyncratic *Smart Set* manner, in grouping together a number of such shibboleths as "the diet of the bedroom farce, the sob stuff of the rural play, the banal eternal triangle hokum," and then, for magnificent climax to a paragraph which has achieved the sensational violence of a "scoop," he explodes—"in short, the greatest and most beautiful drama ever written. In short, the Bible."

The real value of Mr. Nathan's volume lies in its presentation, not a whit less cynical than you would expect, of the politics and personalities of the American stage. His luminous deduction that bad acting is better than good acting may be taken as the pretty fad of a gay critical dog; but there is real piquancy in his information regarding the relations between criticism and advertisement in the journalistic-theatrical world of New York. Mr. Nathan has travelled farther afield, of course. He has seen all the plays of all the playwrights in every capital, just as no vodka of Moscow, no maraschino of Vienna, no chianti of Florence, withholds any secret from him. If this cosmic experience has not succeeded in endowing him with a synthetic philosophy of the drama, at least he affords us a sort of cinematic review of his subject, without continuity but not without interest.

MR. SICHEL'S MEMOIRS

The Sands of Time. By Walter Sichel. Hutchinson. 18s. net.

IT is page 142 of these memoirs before Mr. Sichel leaves Oxford and begins life, but he succeeds in making each of these pages most interesting. Early days in London, when sheep browsed in a green meadow where now stand Ennismore Mews, and wide strawberry fields opened out of Cromwell Place; Harrow in the 'sixties, with the author exchanging pert verses with Andrew Lang; Balliol under Jowett, of whom he gives a goodish portrait—enough happened to and around the author in the days of his exuberant youth for him to fill 142 pages to-day from a memory unaided by diaries, yet to fill them with only first-class fare. Then early journalism, and the Bar. Mr. Sichel was brilliant and prolific as a journalist; for two consecutive years he wrote the entire Christmas number of the *World* by himself; and his verses, articles, and criticism appeared, as he tells us, in every reputable journal except *Cornhill*. Why *Cornhill* looked coldly on his genius we are not told; certainly the SATURDAY REVIEW never did. Readers of the SATURDAY for the past forty years or more, and still

to-day, are acquainted with his excellent work, signed and anonymous. May we then be permitted one query, namely, why the index to this volume contains no reference to the SATURDAY REVIEW, though the paper is often mentioned in the text? Mr. Sichel had his spell of editorship, on *Time*, "a monthly once presided over by Edmund Yates," and was one of the first London editors to publish work by an obscure writer called Barrie, but recently "coom oop" from Nottingham.

One would expect entertainment as well as learning from the biographer of Bolingbroke, Disraeli, Lady Hamilton, and Sheridan, and one is certainly not disappointed. His circle of friends has been wide: George Eliot, Matthew Arnold, Ruskin, Browning, Swinburne; Irving, Miss Ellen Terry, John Toole, Millais, Leighton; Trollope, Mrs. Humphry Ward, Cardinal Manning, Lord Chief Justice Cockburn—these by no means exhaust the list of eminent Victorians whom he has personally known. His pages literally blossom with stories, many of them new, and nearly all worth telling. Any implied impeachment is softened to the point of acquittal when we add that a fair specimen of his twice-told tales is that of the Scotch professor who, while walking with a colleague, broke an habitual silence to inquire the name of a bird which had flown by. "A magpie, of course," came answer. More silence and then: "That's not my idea of a magpie." "No," was the rejoinder, "but it is God's." That will stand the test of much re-telling. This one is new to us, and we choose it at random, from among a galaxy:

A German governess in the Albertian age, . . . returning from church with her employer, dilated on the tender humanity of our service, which included even the governess in its prayers. Perplexed, he asked her to tell him precisely where. "Oh," she replied, "that peaudiful piece where you pray for 'all women labboring of child.'"

We heartily recommend these memoirs to those who relish crisp, enthusiastic, and witty writing. Mr. Sichel says little of anything since 1914: may we hope that there is another volume to follow?

A LITERARY HANDBOOK

A Short Handbook of Literary Terms. By George G. Loane. Fisher Unwin. 5s. net.

WHEN Johnson was told that Goldsmith was writing a book on natural history, he expressed his conviction that it would prove to be as entertaining as a Persian tale. We may give something of the same praise to Mr. Loane, who has made that usually dry thing, a handbook, as readable as most novels. We should not normally form great expectations of amusement from a work which professed to "explain the more or less technical terms of the literary art," but we have found plenty of entertainment in Mr. Loane's pages. This is due to his combination of unusually wide reading with a nice taste in scholarship, and to the consequent free use of happy illustrations for practically the whole of his 170 articles. Many of the illustrations will no doubt be familiar to the educated reader, but it would be a man of very exceptional acquaintance with literature who could pretend to have met them all before. Thus, in the article on Hexameters we expect to find the usual quotations from Longfellow and Kingsley, but it is a fresh joy to be introduced to Poe's effort:

Why ask! whoever yet saw money made out of a fat old Jew, or downright upright nutmegs out of a pine knot?

And though we thought that we knew our Johnson pretty well, we are grateful to Mr. Loane for reminding us of his sly hexameter about the man whom

Nothing but rumour has reached, and who has no personal knowledge.

The well-known examples of Bathos are agreeably supplemented by a couplet from Dryden's versified praise of Lord Sheffield's translation of Ovid:

How will sweet Ovid's ghost be pleased to hear
His fame augmented by a British peer!

And we had forgotten, if we ever knew, Waller's
beautiful example of the Anti-climax:

Under the tropics is our language spoke
And part of Flanders hath received our yoke.

We should have been inclined to place under the same
heading a delightful quotation from Wordsworth's
description of a wayside puddle, which, however, Mr.
Loane hides under the unlikely heading of "Pre-
Raphaelitism":

I've measured it from side to side;
'Tis two feet long and three feet wide.

It is not very surprising to learn that this gem "dis-
appeared on later revision."

A new example of Blank Verse creeping into prose
is given from George Meredith: "she had outwept
the colour of her eyes." Sometimes Mr. Loane is
aggravatingly niggardly of his knowledge. Thus, he
tells us that the stanza known as the Limerick first
appeared in 1821, in the 'History of Sixteen Wonder-
ful Old Women,' but does not condescend to enlighten
our no doubt inexcusable ignorance by any hint as
to the authorship of that work or where it can be
consulted. And the references to his quotations are
hidden away in an appendix, which seems to us a
mistake; it would be a pleasant pastime for an idle
lover of literature to verify them all. Probably his
desire for brevity and dislike to disfiguring his pages
with footnotes may be urged in defence of these idio-
syncrasies. We can only say that, after reading his
book all through, we should be better pleased if it
were twice as long. It makes us wish there were
more; and that, according to the erudite Mr. Weller,
is the highest commendation which can be given to
any form of literature.

LI-PO

The Works of Li-Po, the Chinese Poet. Done into
English verse by Shigeyoshi Obata. With an
Introduction and Biographical and Critical
Matter. Dent. 10s. 6d. net.

IN the middle of the eighth century, when Europe was
plunged in darkness and distress, China was flourish-
ing at the height of its civilization; it knew wars and
rebellions indeed, but also prosperity and the delights
of the mind; and it counted its poets by the thousand.
Of these thousands, Li-Po was reckoned the greatest.
His present translator, himself a Japanese but an enthu-
siastic student of Chinese literature, has equipped this
volume of more than a hundred poems with a fascinat-
ing biographical introduction. He calls up, with irre-
sistible vividness, a picture of the giant empire, the
changing cities, the eager schools, and the murmur of
armies like tides about the frontiers.

Li-Po's life, faithfully reflected in his poems, was the
typical life attributed by legend and convention to a
poet: it contained good fellowship and song, imprison-
ment and exile, the favour and disfavour of courts, idle-
ness and fecundity, and a great deal of wine. Called
upon suddenly at an imperial garden-party, when he
was unfortunately—or perhaps fortunately—in a state
of intoxication, to make poems, he produced three, in
praise of Yang Kuei-fei, "the loveliest of the three
thousand palace ladies," and, while the songs were
sung, "the emperor himself played the tune on a flute of
jade." It is a pleasant picture, and recalls an earlier
one in Rome. Perhaps almost every emperor is a Nero
to his laureate. Certainly the verses which Li-Po pro-

duced in these trying circumstances remain beautiful
even in translation:—

She is the flowering branch of the peony,
Richly-laden with honey-dew.
Hers is the charm of the vanished fairy,
That broke the heart of the dreamer king
In the old legend of the Cloud and Rain.
Pray, who in the palace of Han
Could be likened unto her,
Save the lady, Flying Swallow, newly-dressed
In all her loveliness?

In a romantic outburst which his translator compares
to 'Kubla Khan,' he writes:

All things pass with the east-flowing water.
I leave you and go—when shall I return?
Let the white roe feed at will among the green crags,
Let me ride and visit the lovely mountains!
How can I stoop obsequiously and serve the mighty ones!
It stifles my soul.

Analogies are easy to find. "Li-Po not only took
too hearty an interest in wine and women, but he was
also scandalously frank in advertising his delight. . . ."
It might have been written of our own Burns.

Since heaven and earth love the wine,
Need a tippling mortal be ashamed?

* * *

Three cups open the grand door to bliss,
Take a jugful, the universe is yours.

It is the very note of Omar—and of Anacreon. So
are linked the lands and the centuries. In one very
important respect, however—the detailed description of
nature—Li-Po's closest affinity is with the moderns.

The sun has set far beyond heaven's immensity;
The unsullied waters flow on in bleak undulation.
I see a stray cloud of Chin above the mountain trees,
And the wild geese of Tartary flying over the river dunes.

But it is, of course, not for likeness but for unlikeness
that this book will be valued—for that faint, fine inex-
plicable flavour, that something infinitely distant yet
recognizably lovely, with which the East charms and
mocks the West.

THE SECRET OF WOMAN

The Secret of Woman. By Helen Jerome. Chap-
man and Hall. 7s. 6d. net.

THERE is presumably considered to be a public for
any book upon which the magic word woman can
plausibly be inscribed in capital letters; and hence
every publishing season witnesses the appearance of
studies, analyses, indictments and vindications of
woman. Since there are probably as many different
kinds of women as of men, it is obvious that the quali-
fications for writing a book of any value on the subject,
to say nothing of an authoritative treatise, can be
possessed by very few persons of either sex in any
generation; and of those only a minority can safely be
supposed to have the necessary powers of exposition.

But the possession of qualifications by an author of
a book on woman appears to be the last consideration
in the average publisher's mind. Indeed, in most cases
the writing of a novel or two appears to confer an ample
diploma; and a perennial harvest of tedious aphorisms
or undocumented pronouncements is the negligible,
if boring result. To that of 1923 Miss Helen Jerome
and Messrs. Chapman and Hall have now added their
mite, and we gather that the former, having weighed
the theories of Professor Freud, has found them want-
ing. In fact she refers to him as "that nasty old
man." The italics are hers and are typical of her
method.

NORTH BRITISH AND MERCANTILE

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New Fiction

By GERALD GOULD

Heirs Apparent. By Philip Gibbs. Hutchinson. 7s. 6d. net.

Vindication. By Stephen McKenna. Hutchinson. 7s. 6d. net.

Seacoast of Bohemia. By Louis Golding. Christophers. 7s. 6d. net.

Deirdre. By James Stephens. Macmillan. 7s. 6d. net.

My Neighbour's Wife. By Liam O'Flaherty. Cape. 7s. 6d. net.

HE was called Julian and she was called Audrey, and they were sent down from Oxford for going to a drunken orgy and being out too late at night, and the spring was in their blood, tirra-lirra, and they walked together all slangy and innocent and oh so twentieth-century, until Audrey strained what she amusingly called her fetlock, and then (to borrow the incomparable language of Mr. F. W. Thomas) they merrily hented the booking-office. But not before they had spent the night in a hotel—actually, in separate bedrooms: but kind friends believed the worst, especially as Julian took Audrey's pyjamas away with him in his knapsack. "Blue silk pyjamas, silver-backed hair brush, tooth brush, and things"—it is that sort of touch which makes the most timid of us feel modern and daring as we read. "And things!"

Julian, of course, goes into journalism: his employer is a gentleman who gets seven years' penal servitude for a shady scheme connected with Victory Bonds: the contemporary touch, you know. It is not only oh so twentieth-century but oh so Fleet Street! Julian—again of course—falls a victim to the charms of a beautiful married vampire, who amuses herself with his young affections and then throws him aside. But he also encounters a dreadful old man—compounded, it is true, of the very best ingredients only: for he is partly Edward Carpenter, partly Bernard Shaw, partly Henry Nevinson, and partly the editor of *Truth*: but you remember the fable of the bad drink made from the mixing of the best wines—a dreadful old man, I repeat, who fatuously winds up the book by stating, in flat contradiction of the evidence, that "Youth's all right." Youth, according to Sir Philip Gibbs, is all wrong. His hero is a brainless puppy who thinks it funny to refer to Cambridge as "that village in the Midlands." His heroine is a female cad who, when her father confesses to her that his conscience compels him to give up his livelihood, comforts him with such comments as: "Good God! That puts the lid on everything"—"It's a damned outrage"—and "Father, I think you've gone dotty or something." Does Sir Philip Gibbs really suppose that the educated young men and women of to-day are as childish feeble-minded, impertinent and contemptible as he makes them? Written by anybody less distinguished, this story would not merit mention: written, as it is, by one whom we all know to be brilliant, sincere and influential, it calls for protest—and for the strongest protest from those who admire him most.

Gloria was as modern as Audrey, and as caddish. Mr. McKenna, says the advertisement, "has an uncanny knowledge of feminine psychology." It is a good advertisement: the word "uncanny" seldom fails, the word "psychology" never. He shows his knowledge by making Gloria listen out of the window to the private conversation of her host and his mother. She fell violently in love with Norman, who was a landed aristocrat—one of the "top-notch people," as she herself called them—so she insisted that Freddie, who was a *nouveau riche*, should come to her bedroom. Subsequently she married Freddie, and Norman consoled himself with Margery. But Freddie, who, in spite of his alleged intelligence, seems to have been

painfully one-idea'd, seduced Margery just as he had seduced Gloria; Norman found out and took her abroad, and "In some way Gloria was to understand that she had achieved vindication and could afford to forget the earlier wounds to her pride"—for "the long secret struggle with Norman and Margery had ended in their annihilation: their hateful dignity was in the mud." The book is entirely worthless and should command a large public. It is the product of an author who once had a serious reputation to make if not to lose. Is it too late?

More about the dissolution and hectic somnambulism of post-war Oxford and Soho! No rest for the Café Royal! It is Mr. Golding this time, but he is not at home with his theme. His first novel, 'Forward from Babylon,' had a sombre power; it was of a clean, hard substance; it was real. In his new book he has sought to disguise the age and feebleness of his central joke by the blare and dazzle of his variations. That an alleged painter called Czkmzl should be hailed as a master, when in fact he is a vulgar and illiterate impostor whose real name is Bloggs; that a smudge made by a little girl should be recognized by the critics as the master's masterpiece; that people should go to Limehouse and fail to find it as exciting as it is in fiction—all this is much, much too stale and thin and obvious for a writer of Mr. Golding's really brilliant talents to be wasting his time upon. That he gives us, incidentally, a great deal of clever writing is a matter of course; but there is no central heat of inspiration; the glitter is chilly. Mr. Golding has both wit and poetry in him, and even here they cannot be subdued. His book is far above the average, and well worth reading—but not worthy of its author.

The fact of the matter is, and each of the three books just reviewed reveals it, that the social flux of these post-war years is accepted too easily as a subject, whether for exhortation or for satire. It is taken too heavily or too lightly, but never seriously enough. It is supposed to provide its own interest; but that provision of interest is the artist's business, and his instrument should be his art. It is with a sense of escape into the open air that one turns to the 'Deirdre' of Mr. Stephens. Here at least is a writer who has the courage to tackle elemental and eternal legend. He happens too to be a writer of genius. But he has been wrongly praised for a simplicity which is only sometimes real and lovely, till he has come to be content with it when it is slipshod. In 'Deirdre,' when the epic story itself is so bare and grand that the teller forgets himself in it—as in the great fight at the end between Deirdre's champions and the hosts of the treacherous King Conachar—the effect is terrific; but, in the delineation of motive, Mr. Stephens uses a sort of familiar archness which it is barely possible that he can mistake for subtlety. For instance:

They could not rest together or apart, for each knew what, in certain circumstances, he or she would do, and unerringly credited the other with the performance of these surmised deeds.

It is not humanly possible for writing to be worse than that.

In recognizing the genius of Mr. Stephens, one is with the crowd. I should use the same big word for Mr. O'Flaherty, a new man. He seems, however, to misconceive his own gifts. In an unfortunately pretentious announcement, he says that his book "has failed absolutely unless its first paragraph can arouse a laugh in even the most melancholy breast." It aroused none in mine, which is not conspicuously melancholy. Merriment is not this author's *forte*: his line is bitter and poetic realism. His "hero" is a priest (with an hereditary lust for drink in his veins, and a violent passion for another man's wife) who struggles between being a great saint and being a great sinner. The setting (in the Aran Islands) and the incidents are given with perfect sureness. The minor characters stand self-revealed in their utterances. The struggle in the priest's soul is tragic.

The Library Table

A MISCELLANY

READING over again Professor Saintsbury's 'Collected Essays and Papers,' I am conscious of a change in my attitude towards them, or rather, in my discrimination between his essays and his books in the point of style. Everything that he had to say I found admirable, his knowledge was both wide and profound, his judgment, in the few cases where I could not accept it, left me in a hopeless minority, but was always on a solid foundation of reason or prejudice. But his book-style was, to the unbending critical spirit of youth, abominable, tortured, and involved. I still think it faulty, but the lapse of time has made it endurable, has reduced it to the rank of a personal peculiarity. My conversion dates first from his 'Corrected Impressions,' and was clinched by his 'History of English Prose Rhythm,' while, if I may confess, his whole-hearted appreciation of the prose of William Morris in 'The Roots of the Mountains' and 'The Well at the World's End' made it irrevocable.

* * *

There is, however, a very solid reason for this change. Up to the last twenty years there was an unvarying test of fine writing in English, using the word in its best sense: could the passage be read aloud with ease to the reader and advantage to the writer? Even the crabbedest style responded to this test; Carlyle was greatly improved, and the subtler implications of Meredith were almost inevitably lost unless he was read with fitting slowness. But of recent years a school of writers has achieved a certain success by writing for the eye and not for the ear. Mr. Conrad only partly escapes this by putting most of his early work, where he uses an English almost free from connotation, in the form of dialogue, and loading his descriptive passages with alliteration. Mr. Wells has no prose style to speak of, but in his best passages he cannot be read aloud. Mr. Hudson is the surest example of this new style of prose. Every now and then, in reading him, one is conscious of sentences and even phrases which tie the tongue into knots. And if I must give reasons for this change, I adduce the decay of good conversation, the general neglect of the English Bible in education, and the death of the habit of reading aloud in the family.

* * *

Style is founded on matter, and should be conditioned by it. Two books by Professor Lethaby which I have just read are rather striking in this connexion. He was, I have been told by his professor, the best draughtsman the Academy ever turned out, but he fell among the group who anathematized it for putting "finish" as the first, and often only, accomplishment of its pupils, and went to the other extreme of cultivating rough efficiency. His 'Londinium, Architecture and the Crafts' (Duckworth, 12s. 6d. net) is, after, many years, still an example of this tendency. It is a book which every student of London's history must have, it contains all, or nearly all, the known facts, interpreted by the results of a lifetime's work and study, and is amply illustrated. But, it is almost unreadable, with little plan beyond that demanded by its genesis as a series of newspaper articles, with its facts thrown at the reader's head, and with its drawings unreasonably coarsened, except in a few legitimate cases where it emphasizes the state of ruined sculpture. With a little of the care which Mr. Lethaby would have bestowed on a building, the book might have been a fascinating reconstruction of our buried city: his houses are beautiful and well-planned, why not his writing?

* * *

The other book by Professor Lethaby to which I alluded is on 'Home and Country Arts,' published by

the National Federation of Women's Institutes at 1s. It is simply and nobly written, fired with an enthusiasm for the fast-vanishing village arts, and I trust it will communicate this enthusiasm to others. It is a little sad to think that one of the most beautiful pieces of village work he commends, the country wagon, is fast vanishing—one of the most interesting of last season's minor works told the tale of its manufacture as that of a dead art. Mr. Lethaby reminds us that the livelihood of the worker on the land depends, in the nature of things, on his having two arts to practise—that of agriculture and another. And he has some wise and pregnant things to say on the art of song and of acting—to which I will only allude in the hope that everyone interested in the future of the countryside will get and read this little book.

* * *

The giving of names to fictitious characters is dangerous in view of the tricks that unconscious memory plays. I see that several reviewers have already spoken of the "non-arriving guest" in Mr. Housman's story of a breakfast with Wilde, as Jerrold—*tout court*. Now, there was a Jerrold in Paris at the time, who was afterwards the correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*, and had actually rendered some small services to Wilde after his release. In view of the way legends grow, like Mr. Machen's bowmen, his friends are afraid that Mr. Housman's invention may crystallize round his name, despite the care to insist on its being pure fiction.

* * *

The subject of 'Mural Paintings in English Churches' is very much in the air just now, and demands a rather fuller treatment than Mr. F. H. Kendon has given it. (The Bodley Head, 10s. 6d. net.) As he very frankly says, the illustrations are an afterthought of the publishers, and he would no doubt admit that they are the chief interest of the book. They are indeed very good, and if they send his readers straightway to Burlington House, they will have served an excellent purpose. The Ethelwold Benedictinal alone, now on view, is worth all the time and trouble spent on going there. It is, perhaps, the finest piece of English Art in existence, written and illuminated at a time when no other country even approached us. And, though it is going beyond my scope, be sure to see the little piece of walnut carving in the farther room.

* * *

I am looking forward to reading Sir Charles Holmes on 'Old Masters and Modern Art.' He writes far too little for his powers and knowledge: I wonder how many people remember 'The Tarn and the Lake'—a work which displayed deep thought and sensitiveness. Sir Charles has, on occasion, a dry and mordant pen, when not restrained by official dignity. Many years ago, when he was in charge of a well-known private press which had just printed Adlington's 'Cupid and Psyche,' he received a letter from the editor of a leading literary paper, asking if Mr. Adlington was engaged on any new work, in which case he would be glad to hear from him. Holmes thereupon beguiled the leisure of a long afternoon by informing the editor that after completing his translation Adlington had been attacked by a severe illness, that it was unlikely he was at present engaged on any new work, and that his present address was unknown, but that if he heard from him he would at once communicate the fact. Next morning he could not find his letter, and he lived for some weeks in fear that a too-efficient office boy had stamped and posted it.

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For the Acrostic Competition there is a weekly prize:—A Book (selected by the competitor) reviewed in that issue of the SATURDAY REVIEW in which the problem was set.

RULES

1.—The price of the book chosen must not exceed a guinea; it must be named by the solver when he sends his solution, and be published by a firm whose name is on the following list:

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2.—The coupon for the week must be enclosed.

3.—Envelopes must be marked "Competition," and addressed to the Acrostic Editor, SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 King Street, London, W.C.2.

Competitors not complying with these rules will be disqualified.

Award of Prizes.—When solutions are of equal merit the result will be decided by lot.

Under penalty of disqualification, competitors must intimate their choice of book when sending solutions, which must reach us not later than the Friday following publication.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 85.

TWO LAKES YOU'LL FIND IN MY TWO "PILLARS" NAMED,
ONE FOR EXTENT AND ONE FOR BEAUTY FAMED.

1. Though ghastly pale, my heart's Helvetia's ever,
2. Nor any force from her these heights can sever.
3. There we should surely find a carpet knight!
4. The "inspired tinker" here first saw the light.
5. A cake on which North Britons love to feed.
6. Behead a head-dress and 'twill meet your need.
7. An Asian river named this radiant bird.
8. Curtail the mother of the woolly herd.
9. Creepy and crawly, taken as a whole.
10. Our highest faculty of mind or soul.
11. Benumbs the senses and induces sleep.
12. When shallow, noisy, often still when deep.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 83.

OCTOBER'S OPENING HOUR THE SIGNAL GAVE:
THE DOOMED ONES NOT THE SWIFTEST FLIGHT CAN SAVE!
POOR BIRDS, LONG NOURISHED WITH DECEPTIVE CARE,
NOW HEAR FATE'S PELLETS WHISTLING THROUGH THE AIR.

1. Alone to heaven's height this winged one fared.
2. The sisters weird such soup as this prepared.
3. Behead a Pope? O, what a horrid deed!
4. Here islands scattered lie like so much seed.
5. How catch the fox, I ask, if that should fail?
6. Insect or bull, the word you must curtail.
7. Night it is not, nor dewy eve, nor morn.
8. Thebes' walls Amphion's harp built—me a horn?

Solution of Acrostic No. 83.

P	egasu	S ¹	1	When Bellerophon attempted to ascend to
H	ell-brot	H		heaven after destroying the Chimaera,
LE		O		he was thrown from his horse, and Pega-
A	rchipelag	O		sus mounted alone to the skies and be-
S	cen	T		came a constellation.
A	p	Is ²	2	Apis, the sacred bull, symbol of Osiris;
N	oo	N		apis, a bee.
T	ootin	G		

ACROSTIC No. 83.—The winner is Mr. A. D. Hardie, M.A., Linton House School, Holland Park Avenue, W.11, who has selected as his prize 'King Tommy,' by George A. Birmingham, published by Hodder and Stoughton and reviewed in our columns on October 6 under the head of "New Fiction." Sixteen other competitors named this book, 35 asked for 'The Diary of a Journalist,' 14 for 'Autocracy and Revolution in Russia,' 9 for 'Five Years of European Chaos,' etc., etc.

ALSO CORRECT:—C. H. Burton, Martha, C. J. Warden, Trike, Spican, Peppy, Lilian, M. Bigham, Iago, C. R. Price, Borydke, Druid, Oakapple, Annis, Shorne Hill, St. Ives, C. E. P., N. O. Sellam, A. de V. Blathwayt, A. B. Miller, B. Alder, Doric, W. Sydney Price, Gay, J. H. Cracroft, Albert E. K. Wherry, Mrs. Yarrow, Captain Mitchell, Madge, Lapin Agile, Fosc, Baitho, Pippo, Hugo, Merton, M. Darby, May North, Mrs. W. H. N. Yonge, Lady Duke, Mrs. J. Butler, C. A. Newman, Boomfa, Reg, Corbridge, E. D. L. Saunders, Quis, R. H. Keate, Vichy, Mungo, R. Ransom, Carlton, Stucco, R. W. Worsley, Jonel, E. Binney, Old Mancunian, A. R. N. Cowper-Coles, G. T., and Jeff.

ONE LIGHT WRONG:—John Lennie, Gunton, Tot, F. G. Hedulo, Margaret, Miss G. Price, L. M. Maxwell, M. A. S. McFarlane, Lethendy, Barberry, M. Hogarth, Materfamilias, W. P. Short, Dolmar, E. Barrett, S. Roxburgh, Mrs. Carter, Nita, Hetrians, Zyk, Mrs. Mottram, Miss D. Bunbury, Travell, W. E. J. Lindfield, J. Chambers, Nora H. Boothroyd, J. B. Dick, W. J. Younger, Boskerris, Glamis, M. Kingsford, Fides, Agnes S. Gosset, Rho Kappa, F. I. Morcom, and M. Shearman.

TWO LIGHTS WRONG:—Monks Hill, Felix, Diamond, G. H. P., Mrs. W. H. Myers, B. Brewster, G. M. White, M. B. Hughes, C. A. S., and F. M. Petty. All others more.

For Light 6 Apis will not do, as it is not the same word as Apis, the sacred bull, but Apis, *bee*, is.

N. O. S.—Some solvers kindly add notes to their solutions occasionally, answering in advance points raised by others. I am afraid it will take you a long time to find even one "educated person" who knows the Bohemian for Prague, the Danish for Copenhagen, and the Erse for Dublin.

JEFF.—A vagary of the compositor; I wrote *Thebes*'.

C. A. S.—But how few of us nowadays study to the point of exhaustion!

FOSC, TOT, AND BAITHO.—To go to the play, or to be at the play means as a spectator. Scene-shifters, supers, etc., go to the theatre. One must consider the special meanings attached to certain phrases. (To say that a man has gone to sea does not mean that he is taking a trip to Boulogne or New York, but that he has become a sailor.)

ACROSTIC No. 82.—One Light wrong: Boskerris, Mrs. Wheeler, Two Lights wrong: Kirkton, M. Hogarth, Margaret, Shorne Hill.

For Light 6 Experiment is accepted. Effort found favour with many solvers, but, as the winner remarks, "the man who tries something new—who experiments—is the one to whom we owe such progress as we have made." Light 5 puzzled many who were not, perhaps, aware that *Terminus* was a Roman divinity. Thomas (J. H., M. P.) was an amusing "try."

ACROSTIC No. 81.—One Light wrong: Maud Crowther.

PEPPY.—All spellings of *Woden* were accepted.

E. BARRETT.—No, because *Tonic* in that sense is an adjective, not a noun.

FARSDON.—Cannot trace receipt of your solution of No. 80.

R. J. M. W.—It was No. 79 in which you had one light wrong: *Idem* instead of *Ibidem*.

LILIAN.—For Light 9 of No. 78 you gave *Refrigerator*.

MAJOR MONEY, MADRAS.—Delighted to know that our Acrostics afford you so much pleasure.

Company Meeting

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THE TWENTY-SECOND ANNUAL ORDINARY GENERAL MEETING of Raphael Tuck and Sons, Limited, was held on the 17th inst., at Winchester House, Old Broad Street, E.C., Sir Adolph Tuck (chairman of the company) presiding.

The Chairman, in moving the adoption of the report and accounts, said:—Ladies and gentlemen, I venture to claim that it speaks well for the inherent strength and popularity of our Company, that in spite of the serious falling off in the general trade of the world, brought about by the insecure conditions which prevailed for so many months, we have emerged from the year's trading with a balance sheet, which under all circumstances cannot but be considered as fairly satisfactory.

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The Book and Calendar Departments, which come next in importance, will be dealt with as usual by my brother Gustave. These departments never were in a better condition.

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The real object of our Competition—to keep picture postcards and the cheaper postage question well to the front—has proved entirely successful.

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I take this opportunity of predicting that this marvellous dolls' house with its beautifully-furnished rooms and considerably over 1,000 individual articles, will prove one of the great attractions of the Exhibition.

Your Directors recommend the payment of a final dividend on the Ordinary shares for the six months to the end of April, 1923, at the rate of 12 p.c. per annum, making with the Interim dividend paid, a dividend of 10 p.c. for the year.

The Report was unanimously adopted.

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Stock Market Letter

The Stock Exchange, Thursday

STOCK EXCHANGE humorists are asking how much of the £50 millions promised by the Government in relief of unemployment is likely to be allocated to members of the House, some of whom are apt to complain that they are not earning a living wage under present conditions. It is worth noticing, as evidence of the present-day Stock Exchange measure of popularity in the public mind, that for the current financial year, which runs from March to March, only 96 new men have applied for membership of the House. Deducting from this figure the resignations, withdrawals, and deaths, it seems likely that 1923 will add no more than about 50 to the ranks of membership, and this would bring the total numbers of brokers and jobbers up to 3,950. There are 160 more jobbers than there are brokers, an item which should not escape the attention of parents and guardians who contemplate a Stock Exchange career for those under their charge.

The figures imply that jobbers make rather more money than brokers, though the former class would no doubt strongly controvert the inference. When a boy comes to the Stock Exchange, there is, however, every reason why he should enter a broker's office; first, in order that he may become better acquainted with the details of the work than is possible in the case of a jobber's office as a starting-point. For brokers deal with clients and jobbers alike, gaining thereby a good deal of insight into human nature, whereas the jobber deals only with his fellow-members, whose psychology, it may be, tends to narrow into a particular groove inseparable from Stock Exchange mentality. Psychology and finance, by the way, come into closer relationship than is frequently supposed, but the fascinating temptation to discourse at length upon this theme might, if given free rein, result in a letter from the Editor that would be more sharp than sweet.

Amidst all the discussion to which the unemployment Government grant has given rise, it is interesting to glance behind the scenes, and to observe the way in which shipping shares are beginning to move up in price. For shipping is invariably regarded as the first of the national industries to give signs either of recovery or retrogression, and Stock Exchange quotations for the shares can be trusted to reflect the broad tendency of public sentiment on the point. Cunard shares have recently improved; Royal Mail stock has put on several points during the week now ending; Furness Withy made quite a fair advance last month; Indo-China Deferred shares have risen £2 above their recent lowest; and shipping Preferences are in steady investment demand. For the rise in Indo-China shares there is an adventitious explanation in the hope that the Japanese earthquake will have the effect of bringing a substantial increase in trade to this particular company, whose last report made an exceedingly poor showing. But in the case of Cunards it is useful to remember that the last dividend was 7½ per cent., and Royal Mail paid 6 per cent. At the present prices, the yields on these come to 7½ and 6½ per cent. respectively.

Now, such rates are not extravagant yields having regard to the fluctuating character of the shipping

industry, and that people are willing to buy the issues at to-day's prices argues a significant faith in the future. These buyers of shipping shares, too, are mostly people who know what they are doing, and who certainly would not be in the market if they did not anticipate better times ahead. Their example might justifiably be followed by the investor on the look-out for sound industrials that offer prospects of improvement in price.

Another market where the yields are still less, and rather remarkably so, is that for insurance shares. Many are not fully-paid, and therefore they appeal but little to the man or woman who wants to take no such risks as attend upon the purchase of shares on which there is a liability. The average business man, however, can afford to take business risks. A study of the market-prices shows that the returns from the best class companies average from about 4½ to 5 per cent. on the money, a very modest percentage upon one's money in these days. The reason is that the best insurance companies have been piling up profits to such an extent during the past few years that it is difficult to see how they can avoid distributing some of the reserves to shareholders. Dividends at present are being kept upon a steady level; the London and Lancashire, for instance, has just paid an interim dividend of 6s. per share, being at the same rate as that of the previous year, and it is not expected that other companies will do anything sensational in respect of the current twelve months. It is a matter for waiting, but for the man who is ready to sacrifice present income for the sake of future gain, the insurance market is one of the best into which he can place his capital.

What is killing the Argentine Railway market is the rate of exchange, which has now fallen to an uncomfortable level, and the effect of which neutralizes the undoubtedly favourable influences which the recently-declared dividends and the now published reports exerted. The stocks ought to be, and would be, standing much higher if it were not for the slight apprehension felt in regard to the dividend outlook for the current year by reason of the exchange. At present prices, Argentine Railway Ordinary stocks pay 8½ per cent. on the money; a rate which one can scarcely expect to obtain without taking a fair amount of risk. In which connexion, it may be useful to point out that there is a small amount of Argentine Great Western Ordinary stock on offer in the market at 7½ cum dividend. Allowing for the accrued dividend in the price, the yield works out to 8 per cent. on the money. The stock ranks with Buenos Ayres and Pacific 5 per cent. Second Preference, but receives 6 per cent. when Pacific Ordinary gets 7 per cent. on its stock, as it has done this year. A good investment of its type.

Shares in something like a score of different industrial companies are better by reason of the Government's unemployment proposals. People think that the provided work will greatly benefit iron, coal, steel, engineering, manufacturing, armament companies. But Stock Exchange men take a sober view of the profits with which the Government programme will provide such undertakings.

JANUS

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